

THE U.S. NAVY IN THE
ATOMIC AGE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ADMIRAL
ARLEIGH BURKE



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From Studebaker-Packard Corporation A "CAR OF DISTINCTION" IN EVERY PRICE CLASS

- Each car with a personality unmistakably its own
- Each built by the company that brings you the newest advances first

THE BOLD NEW IDEA

puts you far in advance with the features of the future

At Studebaker-Packard, the *Bold New Idea* means that the American motorist is given an exciting *new choice* of cars in every price class. Each car possesses a *personality* of its own, the result of distinctive craftsmanship; and each possesses *product advantages* well in advance of the industry — the result of far-sighted engineering and the unique flexibility of production made possible by this young, vigorous company.



Twin-Traction Safety Differential concentrates power in one rear wheel when the other is slipping in snow or ice. Such engineering advances, accepted by the industry for automobiles of future years, are here *today*—brought to you by Studebaker-Packard.



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The Outstanding Car in the Low Price Field



Packard *Caribbean* for 1956
The Ultimate in Luxury Convertibles



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Setting New Standards in Fine Cars



Packard *Clipper* for 1956
Built by Packard Craftsmen—
Offering America the Finest in Medium Price Cars



The *Golden Hawk* for 1956
America's Newest and Hottest Sports Car—
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For a limited time your B. F. Goodrich retailer is offering Price Specials on truck tires. Same wide, thick, skid-resisting tread as that of tires built for far heavier service. Other sizes through 10.00-22 are proportionately low priced. And this is only one example of the money-

saving Price Specials available now at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. See him today! B. F. Goodrich Tire & Equipment Co., a Division of The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering light trucks or trailers.

FREE SAFETY REFLECTOR

when you join the Safe Driver League
Sponsored by B. F. Goodrich

Sign the safe driving pledge at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. Show the President's Committee for Traffic Safety you're out to make our highways safer.



B.F. Goodrich
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Our modern blacksmith strikes 4000 blows a minute!

The village blacksmith of yore forged metal by hammering. Today this method of shaping metal, while giving it toughness and resiliency, has been mechanized. The modern "smith" is a rotary swaging machine that delivers thousands of precise, uniformly spaced hammer blows per minute!

The Torrington Company is the first and largest manufacturer of swaging machines in America.

These swagers are used throughout industry to forge metal rod, wire and tubing with extreme speed, accuracy and economy. Torrington also manufactures a wide variety of other products used in many fields of industry and by the public.

In each of these diverse fields, Torrington products enjoy an unmatched reputation for quality, economy and performance.



Torrington produces complete leaded needle units for use in knitting the popular Tricot and Raschel fabrics for lingerie, underwear, lace and other articles.



Torrington Cam Followers or "track rollers" withstand heavy rolling or shock loads. Their use in fork-lift trucks permits greater loads, saves power.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

Torrington, Conn.

Serving industry from plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany





Memo to a heavy smoker

Choosing your cigarette brand is more than just a casual decision.

So we think you'll be interested in the chart shown here. The figures, verified by an impartial research laboratory, reveal this fact:

There's less nicotine by far in the smoke of King Sano—less tar, too—than in the smoke of any other filter cigarette.

And there's a special reason for this.

King Sano doesn't depend on a filter tip alone to screen out nicotine and tar. The makers of King Sano go a lot further. They filter the tobacco, too—to reduce nicotine and tar even before the cigarettes are made.

The result is a truly superb smoke—and one that tastes every bit as good as it is.

Try King Sano for a change, and see if you don't agree.

Nicotine and Tar in the Smoke of All Leading Filter Cigarettes

KING SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES	MICROGRAMS NICOTINE IN SMOKE	MICROGRAMS TAR IN SMOKE
KING SANO	0.6	11.8
CIGARETTE A	1.6	16.5
CIGARETTE B	1.6	24.1
CIGARETTE C	1.7	25.2
CIGARETTE D	1.8	20.6
CIGARETTE E	2.1	22.8
CIGARETTE F	2.1	19.0
CIGARETTE G	2.3	19.4
CIGARETTE H	2.5	21.3
REGULAR SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES	MICROGRAMS NICOTINE IN SMOKE	MICROGRAMS TAR IN SMOKE
CIGARETTE A	1.9	19.3
CIGARETTE B	2.3	23.1
CIGARETTE C	2.5	22.0

These are the results of a continuing study by SRII & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.



Change for the better—
Filter Tip

KING SANO

Less Nicotine By Far— and less tar!

A PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

P.S. WE ALSO FILTER THE TOBACCO IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-PAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO



"One more bellow and we fight!"

■ High costs got you seeing red? If printing is an item, toss these facts around for a moment. Paper costs are over 25 per cent of the average printing job. And Consolidated Enamel Printing Papers cost less than other enamel papers of equal quality!

You save because a modern papermaking method pioneered by Consolidated eliminates several costly manufacturing steps while maintaining *finest* quality.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST RUN! Whether it's a company publication, brochures or any other quality

printed material, Consolidated Enamels can save you money, without sacrificing quality. And *only* your Consolidated Paper Merchant can offer these savings. Call him now for complete facts and *free trial sheets* to make your own test run, or write us direct.

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Here's the wonderful difference
between *modern* and *outmoded* shaving!

Only **Norelco**® has **ROTARY BLADES**

Electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years

- 1. BUILT TO SHAVE** according to beard's natural growth—clumps, whorls disappear first time over.
- 2. NO WHISKER PULL.** No soap and water fuss. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same smooth stroke as a barber's blade.
- 3. NO SKIN IRRITATION.** No painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel alloy blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
- 4. NO BREAK-IN PERIOD.** Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker. Great shaves from the start.
- 5. NO REPAIR-SHOP BLUES.** Lubricated for life. Self-sharpening blades. Real brush motor.
- 6. DESIGNED TO FIT THE HAND.** Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Cleans in a jiffy.

Here's why Rotary Blades have made Norelco®
the largest-selling electric shaver in the world—
fastest-growing shaver in the U.S.

Other electric shavers
shave like this: as if
your whiskers grew
in rows like corn.



Only NORELCO shaves like
this: rotary blades, beneath
stationary skin guards, shave
the way whiskers grow.



Ask about 15 day FREE home trial.
Offered by most dealers.

FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN—Norelco
Sportsman Battery Shaver (Model SC7750).

FOR FEMINE GROOMING—Lady
Norelco Electric Razor (Model SC7767).



\$24⁹⁵

AC/DC
Model SC7759
with travel case

*Known as **PHILISHAVE** in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.**, 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Other products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

"School's out...and away we

The family's together, and these are days to climb in the car and turn to the sun, to deepen family ties and the pleasure of shared experiences.

These are days to enjoy, and your Travelers man can help you enjoy them. Through his wise and friendly counsel, you can free yourself from many concerns about the future . . . truly achieve American Family Independence.

With a balanced program of insurance, you can safeguard the values of your home and car—all your precious possessions—against accidents, fire, theft. And, looking ahead, you can provide for your children's education, your own retirement through Life insurance.

A FIELD or in your own back yard, your family has more things to do than ever before, more leisure time for enjoying these sunny, abundant hours.

These are days, too, for freshening not merely your own outlook, but your awareness of the deep meaning of the life you share with your family.

That's why, right now, many a man and his wife are inviting their Travelers agent into their home. They know he can help them achieve American Family Independence for their whole lifetime together.

As a man carefully fitted for his job by training and experience, your Travelers agent

can help you work out a program of security to fit your needs and means.

For example, if something happens to you, Life insurance can provide an outright cash payment, *plus* a monthly income until your children are grown. And you can make sure there will be funds for college and retirement, and reserves for unexpected emergencies.

This summer, why not have the full measure of fun that comes with family security? To start on your way to American Family Independence, all you need do is phone your Travelers agent or broker.

Remember: The Travelers man represents the company that offers *all kinds of insurance.*



This family knows it can count on its Travelers Automobile insurance to cover liability, collision, fire or theft. And it can depend on fast service when it's needed.



This man safeguards his home with Travelers Mortgage Redemption insurance. His program also protects his possessions against fire, burglary, other hazards.



The personal affairs of this family are ship-shape, too. Thanks to their Travelers Accident and Sickness policy, there will be welcome funds if the unexpected happens.



go!"



Little things go wrong, but what's important, the big things are provided for. This father's plan covers college and retirement, protects his family if he should die.

Your home-town Travelers agent can show you the way to American Family Independence

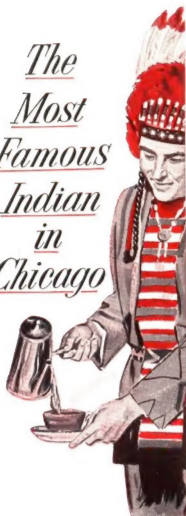
THE TRAVELERS

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*All forms of personal and business insurance
including • Life • Accident • Group • Fire •
Automobile • Casualty • Bonds*



The Most Famous Indian in Chicago



Only in Chicago will you find the city's two most distinguished restaurants located in its two most distinguished hotels. The College Inn Porterhouse of the Hotel Sherman, where a full-blooded Indian Chief pours your coffee, and the fabulous Pump Room of the Hotel Ambassador, with its plumed coffee boys are symbols of elegance in dining, and of superior hotel accommodations. Suites and rooms provide television, radio, and air-conditioning.

In the Loop...

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TELETYPE: CG 1387

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THE HOTELS

Ambassador

NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE
TELEPHONE: SUPERIOR 7-7200
TELETYPE: CG 1855

LETTERS

The Vice President

Sir:

Now that Nixon has stated he will accept the nomination for the vice-presidency, squeals of anguish are arising from the Democrats in anticipation of what they call Nixon's unfair and vicious campaign speeches. Yet little Harry has long boasted of his ability to "give 'em hell." In the months to come, he will no doubt go up and down the land doing just that—to the great delight of his party. It's all very puzzling. But perhaps it is more blessed to give than to receive.

LOUISE SPRING

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

In the Eisenhower-Nixon combination are Republicans going to find they've bought a round-trip ticket? Some people seem to fear our President will ride right out of office on our Vice President's coattails.

BARBARA MCCANN FOWER

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Sir:

Nixon's greatest sin appears to be his anti-Communist attitude. Let me hereby nominate in his place a man who can squelch all opposition to Nixon—Alger Hiss.

JOHN K. HASS

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Doing Something

Sir:

We are told by Harry Truman, a willing protégé of the corrupt Pendergast machine, that President Eisenhower is a do-nothing President. If refusal to investigate Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White and passing laws favorable to pressure groups . . . constitute the do-somethings, then give me those who "do nothing."

LEONARD D. ENGEL

New York City

B. & K.

Sir:

Your May 7 coverage of B. & K. in England was exceptionally fine. The true picture, minus the rose-colored glasses, is what more of us sheltered domestics need.

TOM KNIGHT

Providence

Sir:

Eden with that situation-in-hand expression and Bulganin looking crestfallen could be

the picture of the year [April 30]. A few copies sprinkled around Moscow, Peking and Delhi might easily have Bulganin keeping company with Beria.

P. C. WALLER

Davenport, Fla.

Sir:

Sir Anthony's expression seems to say, "Man! What a guy has to be nice to these days." This picture makes up for the gall you have for putting a Commie on the cover.

(T/SGT.) JAMES J. KISTNER
U.S.A.F.

Blytheville, Ark.

Ring Out, Red Bells

Sir:

Artzybashev has surpassed himself with his wonderfully discerning April 30 cover of Khrushchev trying to tame a rather skeptical lion.

THOM R. BROWN

New York City

Sir:

Trying to figure out the clock beside Khrushchev on the cover gave me the bends. We know what makes Time tick, but the weird words of Artzybashev's timepiece raises several questions. For instance: Why 3 o'clock?

R. ROBINSON

New York City

¶ The clock is atop the Spassky Tower, the main entrance to the Kremlin. Its chimes, which originally sounded Russian hymns and the German folk song *Ach du lieber Augustin*, were converted after the Revolution to play excerpts from the *Internationale* at 12 and 6 o'clock and the *Russian Revolutionary Funeral March* at 3 and 9.—Ed.

Nice Woke

Sir:

I used to hear a superstitious rumor to the effect that a favorable article in Time was the Kiss of Death. If this is true we had a wonderful "wake" at Pereira & Luckman after your Feb. 27 story appeared. We signed agreements for a guided missile research center, two new department stores, a major office building, an atomic energy installation, an electronics research laboratory, and a major naval installation. These

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TIME
May 21, 1956

Volume LXVII
Number 21

TIME, MAY 21, 1956



Coronet Lancer—lowest priced hardtop in the Dodge field! Here's pace-setting style with performance to match. On the Bonneville Salt Flats, the new '56 Dodge shattered 306 AAA records held by expensive American and foreign cars.

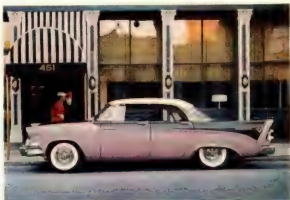


Chosen by Automobile Magazine—1956

This Custom Royal Lancer gives you the looks and luxury of cars costing a thousand dollars more. And remember this: Dodge outperformed all cars in every price class in recent NASCAR acceleration runs—the true measure of performance.

Make way for the Lancers by Dodge

Gallant and gay . . . the Dodge Lancers put *adventure* back in motoring! Here are daring "hardtops" in 2-door and 4-door models, and their dashing companion—the Dodge convertible. They are available in all 3 Series: Custom Royal, Royal and the sensationally low-priced Coronet. *Discover the Difference in Dodge!*



Cool by Bonnie Cashin for Jilting Tom

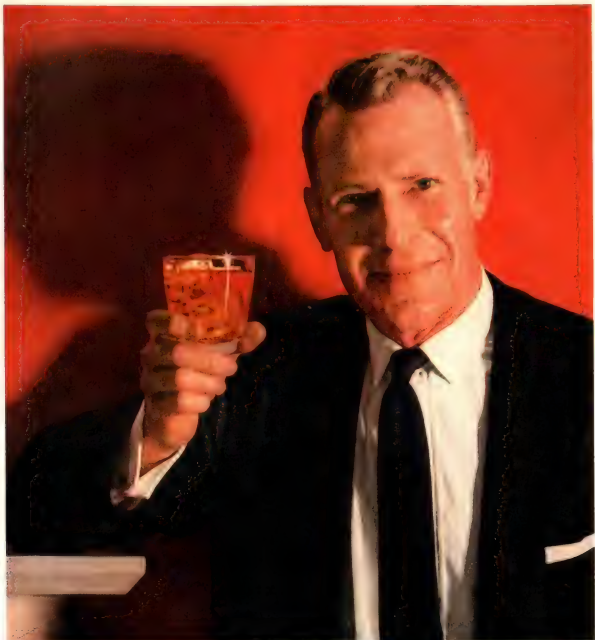
The Lancer goes 4-door! This fabulous Dodge blends dashing Lancer style with 4-door convenience in spectacular fashion. There's a 4-door Lancer by Dodge in all 3 Series: Custom Royal (above), Royal and Coronet.



Dashing companion to the Lancers! Dodge convertibles steal the "Oh's" from the coolest cars. (There's even one in the Coronet Series.) And just wait till you discover the Magic Touch of Dodge push-button driving: Mechanically perfect . . . easiest, safest, surest way of driving!



VALUE LEADER OF THE FORWARD LOOK



Your Key to Hospitality

The Final Choice of Mature Tastes

Most of us go through "growing pains" in our choice of whiskey. But when taste maturity finally arrives—there's usually one that's honored as our ultimate selection. So many men of mature judgment have adopted Old Fitzgerald that we dare suggest that you, too, discover whether your taste is ready for it.



OLD FITZGERALD
ALWAYS BOTTLED IN BOND

SIX YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY • ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849

construction projects total \$72 million, and geographically range from Boston to the far Pacific. What a nice way to die!

CHARLES LUCKMAN, A.I.A.

Los Angeles

Old School Ties

Sir:

Your April 23 piece on *Mukyokai* (the "nonchurch" movement) was the more interesting because it is a stepchild of New England influence which owes much to Amherst College. Recently I have discovered that Kanzo Uchimura, the founder of *Mukyokai*, was sent to Amherst on the introduction and strong urging of Joseph Hardy Neesima (1843-1890), the first Japanese graduate of a Western institution of higher learning (Amherst 1870), after he had escaped from "closed" Japan six years previously. Neesima came back to found Doshisha University



NEESIMA

UCHIMURA

where there have been Amherst men on the faculty ever since except for the years of World War II.

In a recent series of stamps, put out commemorating twenty cultural leaders of modern Japan, both Neesima and Uchimura are represented (and on this envelope). Is it not extra-governmental ties like these which help the free world go round?

OTIS CARY

Assistant Professor

Amherst House, Doshisha University
Kyoto, Japan

¶ For Reader Cary's stamps honoring two Amherst men, see cuts.—Ed.

Martyr

Sir:

TIME April 2 erred in stating [Harold Hecht and Burt Lancaster] made *Marty* because we "needed a flop to write off as a tax loss." Indeed, had *Marty* failed, we'd have had nothing to write it off against, because it was optimistically made by a specially organized *Marty* partnership, which owned no other properties.

HAROLD HECHT

New York City

The Big Bad Americans

Sir:

It looks as if TIME's book reviewers would realize that they are confirming C. Wright Mills's suspicion that America is well on its way to hell when they give, in the April go issue, nothing but cheers to Françoise Sagat's "tale of extramarital fun" and nothing but sneers to Upton Sinclair's "temperance tract." How can the American people be other than "morally bankrupt" when the men who help to mold opinion (such as TIME's book reviewers) operate under the code that naughtiness is nice, good is glum.

LOIS BLANCHARD

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

You condemn *The Power Elite* on the ground that "it will surely be read with great glee by anti-Americans everywhere." A great many honest American books contain criticisms of American society, and no



*the Whippet



*a soft,
light shoe
with solid
comfort features
that won't break down...

wright
arch preserver shoes

Here's real slipper comfort in a shoe that's built for action! Like its beautiful namesake, the Whippet is soft, light and lithe — with deceptive strength that gives you solid comfort. Unlike many shoes of soft, flexible construction, the Whippet will not break down at the arch. It's blessed with Wright's Famous Four Features that help "men on the go, stay on the go." Smart style, luxurious leathers, outstanding comfort — they're features of all Wright Arch Preservers. Style shown has unlined perforated forepart, lightweight leather sole. In a rich cedar brown.

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The Magnasonic "210"—\$149.50 in hand-rubbed mahogany. Sounds alive with 10-watt high fidelity amplifier, 12" plus 5" coaxial speakers. Precision intermix changer.

Magnavox High Fidelity

costs you no more than an ordinary phonograph—you hear all that's on every record

Here, at popular prices, are the greatest values in sound reproducing instruments ever offered! With a magnificent Magnavox—from the world leader in high fidelity—you hear every thrilling note on today's extended-range recordings. The lowest note of a bass clarinet, the highest note of a soprano saxophone—are reproduced exactly as played in the recording studio. You owe it to yourself to hear your favorite record on a magnificent Magnavox. Your nearest dealer's name is listed in the yellow pages of your telephone book.

Magnavox high fidelity instruments from \$99.50 to \$895

the magnificent
Magnavox
high fidelity television • radio-phonographs



The Concerto—\$119.50 in mahogany, complete with stand. Three high fidelity speakers. 6-watt amplifier.



The Melody Master—\$89.50 in colorful Magnatex carrying case. Two speakers; powerful push-pull amplifier.

doubt can be misused to make anti-American propaganda. A great many stories in *TIME* have been read "with great glee by anti-Americans everywhere." Anything in and about America can be misused for such purposes, and often is. Since when has this danger ever kept American writers from saying what they think, and since when has it kept intelligent American readers from judging such books on their merits? Any day that we have to judge American books by this one criterion—whether they will be read with "great glee by anti-Americans"—will be a sad day for American books, and for America too.

ALFRED KAZIN

Amherst, Mass.

Visiting China

Sir:

Out here in Taipei your April 23 *Pacific Edition* brought the first news to me of the passing of Dr. Paul Hutchinson. Because of his appeal for the youth of China, at the Methodist Centennial in Columbus, Ohio in 1910, I went to China as his assistant; my first summer there was spent with Paul and Agnes and their three youngsters in the mountains of Fukien. As long as they lived in Shanghai, their home was open to me. After reading "Happy Man," one happy woman reflects that except for Paul Hutchinson I might never have gone to China, might never have met George Fitch,⁹ might never have found myself a mother of six and grandmother of 14.

GERALDINE FITCH

Taipei, Taiwan

Sir:

I do not know who authored the article about Paul Hutchinson, but to one of his family—a sister—it was a singularly sensitive appreciation. Please accept my thanks.

MARGARET H. COMAN

Elmira, N.Y.

And Rising

Sir:

In your April 23 "End of the Rope," I am sure Albert Pierrepoint would be flattered by your statement that he is 45, and, in fact, he looks no older. But he is 50. Not so flattered is the *Empire News and Sunday Chronicle* when you quote its circulation as 1,061,230. The audited and published average net sales show a circulation of 1,094,311 in July-December 1954 and 2,532,540 in December 1955. The circulation is still rising.

G. GRAFTON GREEN

Editor

Empire News and Sunday Chronicle
London

Dollars & Dams

Sir:

I do not see any harm in anyone liking to build dams and wharves; they are just as necessary in Turkey as they are in the U.S. For the first time we have a Prime Minister [Adnan Menderes—April 23] with initiative, who thinks of the future, and your magazine never misses a chance to pick on him. If Mr. Adnan Menderes had waited for his safes to be overloaded with cash before he started acting, stagnancy, which has been Turkey's misfortune in the past centuries, would have continued and prevented any improvement. Turkey needs more and more American aid.

TONY TOPUZ

Bornova, Turkey

* Onetime secretary of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. in China, who now lives in Formosa, is helping to relocate refugee intellectuals from the China mainland.

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Mr. Thompson bought his first policy with this company twenty-six years ago. Today his Northwestern Mutual policies are an important part of his financial holdings.



KARSH, OTTAWA

“Why sell your future short because you feel financially insecure today?”

A message to young men and women beginning their careers

by **GLENN W. THOMPSON**, President, Chairman of the Board, Arvin Industries, Inc.; President, Board of Trustees, DePaul University; President, Indiana State Chamber of Commerce.

“It’s always tragic to me to see promising people hold themselves back when they could be doing bigger things.

“Even today young men and women too often pass up their best chances to push ahead in their careers. They just can’t seem to bring themselves to act decisively.

“Why? I believe a nagging fear of financial insecurity is one of the great reasons. And a good, tested way to eliminate it is with life insurance.

“The man who starts buying life insurance early and regularly is not only protecting the future for his family, he is also acquiring a savings reserve to help him meet emergencies. That builds self-confidence and makes right decisions easier.

“An important feature of modern life insurance is that you can afford it early—when you need it so much. Choose an experienced life insurance representative to help guide your planning. His sound advice will cost you nothing extra.”

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL AGENT CAN HELP SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM

By character, ability, and training, Northwestern Mutual agents are well qualified. Many have earned the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter.

Why do they choose to represent this company? It is one of the world’s largest, has over 99 years’ experience, and accepts applications only through its own agents.

Because of its unique advantages, including low net cost, nearly half the new policies issued go to present policyholders.

For a sound review of your security plans, call a Northwestern Mutual agent.

The **NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL** *Life Insurance Company*

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

OUT OF THE LABORATORY



This automatic transmission for air converts thin air into a force strong enough to operate vital aircraft systems. Inside the gas turbine compressor high-speed wheels create velocities five times greater than a tornado... loading the air with enough energy to operate electrical, electronic, hydraulic, air conditioning and pressurization systems of modern aircraft. This small, compact unit is finely engineered to make high-altitude, high-speed flight safer and more comfortable... another AiResearch contribution to industrial progress.

• *Outstanding opportunities for qualified engineers*



AiResearch Manufacturing Divisions LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA . . PHOENIX, ARIZONA . DESIGNERS AND
MANUFACTURERS OF AIRCRAFT SYSTEMS, COMPONENTS AND INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS

TIME, MAY 21, 1956



WITH A BOW TO VITUS BERING... GRIGORI SHELEKHOV... AND NIKOLAI PETROVICH REZANOV

These are the gentlemen who, one after another, first penetrated the rich and rugged land that may one day have a star in our flag. They were on the Czar's business and for him they earned ownership of Alaska... until Lincoln's Secretary of State bought it for \$7,200,000. It is the last of our continental frontiers... and that is what makes it exciting. Because there are few pleasures like discovering the unknown. Every day, Rand McNally helps people—young and old alike—discover the unknown. In the maps and atlases we print... the fine textbooks we publish... in our nonfiction... in the books we print for children. All of them are distinguished by the integrity of workmanship that has made the name Rand McNally world-famous.



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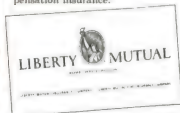
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THE WEEKLY NEWSBACAZINE

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

CHAMP CLARK
AND
CRANSTON JONES



Dear TIME-Reader:

AT his press conference a fortnight ago, President Eisenhower was closely questioned by reporters on a vital subject: Is the U.S. military establishment strong enough? The President sought to strike a note of caution—and balance—in his replies. Any appraisal of our military strength, he said, must take into account all its elements. And, said the President, with an emphasis that was noteworthy in any Army man, let us not overlook the Navy. "No one," he said, "has talked about that."

This week TIME does. While congressional committee rooms were thronged with witnesses and spectators, TIME's editors were completing a searching examination of the "new" Navy, its boss, Arleigh ("31-knot") Burke, and the Navy's role in the atomic age.

The editorial task force assigned to this job was, it turned out, an integrated one—World War II veterans of all three services. But it was primarily a Navy show. Of the 22 reporters, researchers, writers and editors in twelve TIME Inc. bureaus at home and abroad

who worked directly on the story and color layout, nine were former officers and enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps. The roster: Edward Cerf, Louis Banks, Champ Clark Cranston Jones, Alvin Josephy, Tom Lambert, Curtis Prendergast, Robert Ajemian and Clay Blair.

The color section represents but a handful of the 1,000 color shots taken by Photographer Laurence Lowry with the close support of the Navy. The picture project was supervised by Contributing Editor Jones (Lieut. U.S.N.R.), who served throughout World War II as a gunnery officer in the Caribbean and Pacific areas, was mustered out as skipper of the Destroyer Escort *Crouter*, Contributing Editor Clark (Pfc., U.S.M.C.), who wrote the cover story, was a Japanese-language interpreter in the Far East during World War II.

When all the facts on military power are in, the President said at his press conference, the public will feel a "lot better." And I think you will too, when you have read "The Admiral and the Atom."

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

All's Well

Outside the Army's Walter Reed Hospital two little girls, outfitted in matching red coats, slipped away from their mother and pushed their way to the front of the crowd. They got there just in time to meet the President of the U.S., as he strode hatless and grinning out of the hospital door and down the steps. Jovially, he shook the hand of the first, tousled the hair of the second, then stepped into a waiting limousine and was driven away.

The cluster of patients, nurses and passers-by had just seen for itself what news bulletins soon began to tell the rest of the nation: Ike is fine.

The robustness of his health was established last week by a two-day, head-to-toe physical examination conducted by some two dozen of Walter Reed's top doctors and technicians and the President's personal physician, Major General Howard McC. Snyder. At its end, in a startlingly frank and detailed report that more than anything else illustrated Dwight Eisenhower's insistence on the people's right to know, they gave the world almost an organ-by-organ look at what they had found (see next page).

Most interest centered, of course, on the condition of the President's heart. "Well healed," said the doctors. Probably least impressed was the President; during the week before he entered the hospital, he frequently told aides he felt "just fine," and in the hospital, he showed it. Between being pushed, pulled, pinched, pummeled and probed, he padded down the corridors in slippers and wine-red bathrobe, visited cheerily with wide-eyed youngsters in the children's ward, oldtime military acquaintances in their rooms, doctors, nurses and other staff members in the hallways. Far from chafing at the hospital routine, the President turned his two-day stay into a pleasant rest, and while not on his visiting rounds he signed a minimum number of official papers and read his personally inscribed copy of Sir Winston Churchill's *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

His first official engagement after leaving the hospital: a round of golf at the nearby Burning Tree Country Club.

Who's the Genius?

Well aware that every passing poll and primary attests to Dwight Eisenhower's extraordinary popularity with the voters, reporters at the President's press conference last week were fascinated by his unorthodox reaction to it all. Said the National Broadcasting Co.'s Ray Scherer: "You have generally said that you find

esty with which you hope you were born why I believe that when [someone] comes along and says, 'I believe you are doing a pretty fair job as President of the U.S.,' you would be rather astonished."

Sound Instincts. The fact was that many a correspondent in Ike's audience was astonished, not so much by the President's popularity as by the realization that Ike, never a politico, had revealed himself as a man of sound politician's instincts. His veto of the ill-smelling natural gas bill last February and of the farm bill, his utter frankness about his health, and last week his swift appointment of the Senate's most distinguished Democrat, Georgia's retiring Walter George, to a NATO ambassadorship (see below)—all these have turned resoundingly to his political account.

Who asked Columnist Stewart Alsop this week, as he ticked off Ike's recent political coups, is "the new genius in the White House?" Alsop's answer: "None other than Dwight D. Eisenhower."

Blank Look. Into the rest of his 27-minute conference, Ike jammed an assortment of news. Returning briefly to the problem of U.S. military defenses, he said that it was "absolutely essential" that the nation "take its own particular position in the world" and create a military establishment "suited to its own requirements." He advocated "bona fide" U.S. membership in the U.N.-affiliated International Labor Organization. Turned to partisan politics by a reporter's question, he dismissed with a shrug and a grimace, a suggestion that the resounding defeat of Governor Allan Shivers in the recent Democratic delegate battles in Texas could be construed as a repudiation of his Administration. Asked for comment on Estes Kefauver's suggestion that he designate ex-President Harry Truman a sort of ambassador of good will during Truman's European trip, Ike looked blank, said that was one he hadn't heard before.

Also last week, the President: **Appointed** Vice Admiral Robert P. Briscoe, deputy chief of naval fleet operations, to succeed Admiral William M. Fechteler, due for retirement, as commander in chief of allied forces in Southern Europe and Vice Admiral William M. Callaghan, commander of Far Eastern naval forces.



IKE LEAVING WALTER REED HOSPITAL
Pushed, pulled, pinched, pummeled and probed.

yourself amazed that people would take the trouble to vote for you. I wonder if I could presume to ask why you find that such a phenomenon?"

"Well," replied Ike, "suppose they voted for you. Would you be astonished?" Scherer, who obviously was, gasped: "I certainly would." Then Ike took the opportunity to express a bit of homely political philosophy. In the U.S., "we are raised in the tradition of no supermen and no indispensable men, and therefore if you do retain some of the humility and mod-

to replace retiring Vice Admiral Francis S. Low as commander of the Western Sea Frontier.

¶ Encouraged Harold E. Stassen, his staff specialist, to keep plugging "patiently and persistently" at the problem of disarmament, in spite of the failure of the recent London talks.

¶ Recommended to Congress that General (temp.) Anthony C. ("Nuts") McAuliffe of Bastogne fame, a permanent-rank major general, be retired with the rank of full general.

¶ Heard from congressional Republican leaders that Congress may adjourn by July 15, after passing his soil-bank, foreign-aid and highway bills.

¶ Took off at week's end to join Mamie and her mother at the Eisenhower Gettysburg farm, where a double celebration—Mother's Day and Mrs. Doud's 78th birthday—was in the offing.

THE CONGRESS

Mail from Home

Fifteen members of the Senate Agriculture Committee gathered around their coffin-shaped conference table to consider the House farm bill and plowed into the task with astonishing efficiency. Behind their workmanlike approach last week was a revelation: mail from home has indicated that the farm revolt has been brewing less on the land than in the minds of election-sensitive politicians.

With this in mind, the committeemen shed coats and went to work, blocking out a Senate version that contained the soil-bank program President Eisenhower had asked for (but no advance payments). Plagued by conditioned political reflexes, some members could not resist adding free. The outstanding ornament: a proviso that growers of feed grain (oats,

barley, etc.) who do not comply with 1957 acreage allotments receive special supports based on those the President has recommended for commercial cornrowers who exceed allotments.

Republicans George D. Aiken and John J. Williams rejected the finished bill outright, and three other members (two Democrats, one Republican) joined them in a minority report rejecting the feed-grain support clause. It was, they agreed, "the kind of contradiction which caused the President to veto the original farm bill," and would boost costs for dairy, livestock and poultry farmers. The full Senate, considering the bill this week, would have to decide how much attention to pay to the mail and how much to the filibere.

Also last week:

¶ The House approved (377-0) the \$33,635,066,000 Defense Appropriation Bill (which includes the President's add-on request of \$248 million for 29 more B-52s). An amendment to force on the Administration an extra \$1 billion for still more B-52s was shouted down after Texas Democrat George Mahon declared that the Air Force lacked both crews and bases to cope with so sudden a production step-up in intercontinental bombers.

¶ Principally on the urgings of Senators from flood-suffering New York and New England, the Senate approved (61-7) and sent to the House a bill authorizing the U.S. to sell \$5 billion worth of flood insurance and pay 40% of the policy costs. The program sets limits of \$10,000 for a house and \$250,000 for an individual or corporation, amounts to a pilot test to see how the Government can operate most effectively in a high-premium field that private insurance companies shun.

¶ After listening to a bitter Eastland-McCarthy attack on Chief Justice Earl Warren, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee approved a bill to restore to the states the power to punish subversion and sedition against the U.S. Government, a power removed by a Supreme Court ruling (TIME, April 16) that the Federal Government has sole jurisdiction over subversion and sedition cases.

POLITICS

Georgia Loses

From his office on Capitol Hill, Georgia's Walter Franklin George, 78, scholarly dean of the U.S. Senate, found it hard to believe the news he was getting from home. His friends told him that his rank as a statesman in Washington would never pull him through the Democratic primary in Georgia next September. Every sounding indicated that ex-Governor (1948-54) Herman Talmadge, 42, who had not even announced his candidacy, was pulling far ahead. Unable to face the prospect of a wearing campaign in the searing heat of July and August, George last week made the painful decision: he would withdraw from the Senate race.

The word moved across Georgia like a gale out of the Atlantic. Tearing up the

THE DOCTORS' REPORT

One of history's most remarkable public documents last week gave the world an unprecedented look at the health of the President of the U.S. Excerpts:

General Condition. Continues good. He is physically active and mentally alert. His appearance, appetite and digestion are excellent. His height is 71 inches and his weight is 168 pounds.

Eyes. No organic disease. The retinal arteries showed no evidence of sclerosis. A minor error in refraction was properly corrected by glasses.

Ear, Nose, Throat & Sinuses. No abnormalities noted. The tonsils had been previously removed.

Dental. The teeth and gums were in excellent condition.

Thyroid. No abnormalities noted.

Chest. The lungs were clear to auscultation. The determination of vital capacity was within normal limits.

Cardiovascular. The blood pressure was 118/80. Since recovery from infarction, it has averaged 120/80. It has seldom reached higher levels, and occasionally has been lower. The heart sounds were good. The pulse was 70 per minute. The myocardial infarction of September 1955 was well healed. The electrocardiogram showed residual changes consistent with healed infarction. There were no symptoms or findings of myocardial insufficiency (muscle weakness) or coronary insufficiency (angina). The arteries of the extremities showed no evidence of sclerosis. The circulatory tone was good. The President has shown good tolerance to increasing physical activity over the past six months. He remains on anticoagulant therapy with excellent control.

Nerves, Muscles, Bones & Joints. Nerve reflexes were normal. The muscle tone was good. The bones and

joints were normal, with the exception of a nondisabling athletic injury to the left knee incurred at West Point in 1912. The previously noted bursitis [in Ike's shoulders] was found to be inactive.

Abdomen. Healed scar in the right lower abdominal wall from an appendectomy in 1923.^o

Genito-Urinary System. No disease of the urinary tract. The prostate showed minimal benign enlargement—normal for his age.

X Ray. The X ray, when compared with numerous previous films of the heart and lungs dating from 1946, showed no changes in the lungs and no changes in the general configuration or size of the heart. The fluoroscopic examination of the heart showed a normal rate and rhythm. The healed infarction on the anterolateral wall of the left ventricle was again noted and appeared as an area approximately 2.5 centimeters (nearly one inch) in extent in which the amplitude of the pulsations was diminished. There was no evidence of bulging in the scar. Action of the diaphragm and aortic pulsations were normal.

Gall Bladder. Normal by dye test. **Digestive Tract.** Barium studies showed it functioning normally.

All Normal. Urinalysis, blood count, sedimentation rate, hematocrit and blood chemistry tests.

^o A memento of young Ike's determination to let nothing interfere with his Army career. On the theory that his appendix "might kick up sometime when I was real busy," he had it removed during a period of relative inactivity.

statement he had planned to issue if George stayed in the race (asserting that Georgia needed a "young and vigorous" Senator). Herman Talmadge shot out a new announcement that included praise of George's service. Talmadge & Co. were jubilant: old Walter George's friends were sad but relieved.

A Senator's Senator. In the national capital, which had become George's spiritual home, there was a different reaction. State Department officers, from John Foster Dulles on down, hurried through the procedure to offer Democrat George a high-ranking diplomatic post. Before the Senator announced his decision, President Eisenhower telephoned to offer him the new position of U.S. Ambassador to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. George agreed to accept, but did not say when he would take the job. In the hand of an Assistant Secretary of State, the President rushed over a "Dear Walter" letter, praising the Georgian's "great career as a statesman."

On the Senate floor, one member of the club after another rose to pay wholehearted tribute to the colleague who had arrived in 1922, when Vice President Coolidge was presiding. As a moderate from the Deep South, Walter George had fought strenuously for his principles (anti-Ku Klux Klan, pro-Tennessee Valley Authority, anti-Franklin Roosevelt's plan to pack the Supreme Court). Connecticut's Republican Senator Prescott Bush said he hoped that he might some day command the kind of respect that prompted George's wife always to call him "Mr. George." Rolled into the Senate chamber in a wheelchair, Colorado's ailing Republican Senator Eugene Millikin, who is facing a re-election battle this year, wept as he paid his brief, barely audible tribute to his colleague. Tennessee's clear-headed Democratic Senator Albert Gore pro-



SENATOR GEORGE & WIFE (ANNOUNCING HIS RETIREMENT)
Mitchell County was too far from Washington.

duced the day's best description of Walter George: "A Senator's Senator."

The Ironic Gauge. George's character was legend when Dwight Eisenhower was a little-known lieutenant colonel, but not until the Eisenhower Administration did George emerge as a national figure in the conduct of foreign affairs. In 1955, when the Democrats took over Congress, Eisenhower urged George to pass up the chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee and to become, instead, Foreign Relations Chairman. George agreed, became the strong voice of foreign-policy bipartisanship on Capitol Hill (TIME, April 25, 1955). When Ike asked for a free hand in dealing with the Formosa area crisis, George's support produced an overwhelming bipartisan vote of confidence. His early, public espousal of a Big Four meeting was a key factor in the President's decision to attend the summit conference at Geneva last summer.

Ironically, George's increasing influence in Washington in 1956 was no gauge of his political position at home, especially in the wool-hat back country, where Herman Talmadge is strongest. He had been away too long. Georgia political leaders thought that his moderate position on segregation was an important reason for his most recent loss of political strength. Said Democratic Strategist Roy V. Harris: "If he had just made one speech giving the Supreme Court hell, nobody could have beat him."

Ol' Gene's Boy. Herman Talmadge, who now appears to have clear sailing to the U.S. Senate, has no such trouble on the segregation issue. He learned his politics at the hazy knee of his father gallus-snapping "Ol' Gene" Talmadge, one of the South's most notorious rabble-

rousers, governor of Georgia for six years (1933-36, 41-42). Herman watched his father run the state with the fist of a dictator, spit tobacco at his foes and graze milk cows on the statehouse lawn. He also saw his father try—and fail—to do what Herman has now done: turn Walter George out of the U.S. Senate.

A better-dressed, better-mannered politico than his father (Herman likes to chew tobacco, but generally settles for ten cigars a day), Talmadge Jr. ran an efficient state administration, is a successful farmer and lawyer as well as a bitter-end segregationist. He promises as a Senator to work to reverse the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision and to restrict the court's power generally. He refers to the nine Supreme Court Justices as "a little group of politicians [who have] not had enough experience to handle one chicken thief in Mitchell County" (the bottom of Georgia's backwoods; county seat: Camilla, pop. 4,000). He calls the U.S. foreign-aid program a "global WPA," and roars: "We gave money to build grain elevators in Pakistan. Why that's 12,000 miles from Georgia."

When Walter George entered the U.S. Senate he took the seat that had been occupied by a Southern demagogue of the old school, Thomas E. Watson. When George steps out, he almost certainly will relinquish that seat to a new kind of Southern partisan. Viewing the prospect, nearly every member of the U.S. Senate agreed last week with the Baltimore *Evening Sun*: "Few men could step into Senator George's shoes; Mr. Talmadge couldn't even shine them."

■ A figure for the wool-hats. Correct distance, Atlanta to Karachi: 5,200 miles.



Jay B. Leviton—Black Star

HERMAN TALMADGE

Pakistan is 12,500 miles from Georgia.

DEMOCRATS

Kingmakers on the Make

Across the land from Los Angeles last week rolled an Adlai Stevenson cry of chicanery. Said Adlai: He was beaten in the Minnesota primary because G.O.P. money was used against him. "In one night," cried he, "Republicans raised all the money needed to defeat me in Minnesota." He implied that perhaps that kind of money was being raised to head him off in California's June 5 primary.

Stevenson based his charge on a "report" from an unidentified friend and a

(TIME, May 14), they were greeted at National Airport by a cheering, stomping crowd with band and banners. LOVE THAT LYNDON said one placard. Said another: THE U.S.A. NEEDS L.B.J. Old Sam Rayburn caused some quick sidelong glances when he said that "under our great and brilliant young leader we're going to march to higher victories."

While a good deal of talk about Lyndon Johnson as a presidential candidate was spreading across the South, the more likely possibility is that he will turn out to be a kingmaker. A heart attack victim, Lyndon Johnson as candidate would rob the

ciates, e.g., Wisconsin's Democratic Chairman Philo Nash (a White House aide in 1945-52) and Farmers Union Counsel Charles Brannan (Secretary of Agriculture 1948-52), are privately for Harriman.

Harriman-Symington? Recently Frank McKinney, in a private survey for Truman, found that no candidate is strong enough to be nominated on the first ballot. McKinney also reported that he found Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington with enough second-choice support to be the nominee if the convention deadlines. At first, this did not seem to fit very well with Truman's own announcement that he had decided not to be a member of the Missouri delegation (which will be pledged to Symington) because he wanted to remain a free agent. With the speculation season in swing, however, speculators began to calculate that perhaps Truman plus McKinney added up to a Harriman-Symington ticket.

Meanwhile, Truman sailed eastward for a seven-week visit to Europe (during which he will write a series of columns for Hearst's King Features Syndicate). Honest Ave Harriman got ready to swing west on a dozen-stop speechmaking tour through seven states. Warning up before he took off, Harriman stepped before the convention of the International Ladies-Garment Workers' Union in Atlantic City and created his own slogan to succeed "New Deal" and "Fair Deal." What the U.S. needs to move forward from the Roosevelt-Truman era, he said, is a program based on "New Vision."

LABOR

Biggest Headache

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has no bigger headache than its biggest union, the 1,400,000-member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, some of whose top officers have a weakness for the good deal, wherever found.

Last week the Teamsters were obviously on the mind of doughty David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union and a member of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ethical-practices committee. Said Dubinsky at the opening session of the I.L.G.W.U.'s 20th triennial convention in Atlantic City: labor leaders who double as businessmen in the same fields are "immoral, unethical, unfit to serve the labor movement." Though he named no names, none in the hall doubted that the charge was aimed especially at the Teamsters. They were sure when Dubinsky suggested that unions should expel such leaders without waiting for the law to do the job for them.

Next day the delegates-by-the-sea heard A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany second the sentiment: "I like businesslike methods, but that is the extent to which I want the word 'business' applied to a trade union." The one-two attack foreshadowed a meeting next month in Washington, where Meany, Dubinsky and other members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council will gather to take a hard look at the Teamsters' conduct.



CANDIDATE HARRIMAN (WITH FOUR FREEDOMS AWARD) & FRIEND
After New Deal and Fair Deal, the New Vision.

column by United Feature Syndicate's pro-Stevenson Doris Fleeson. Columnist John R. (Tex) McCarty, an Eisenhower booster in 1952, had "boasted" about G.O.P. fund-raising for Estes Kefauver. In Manhattan Tex McCarty explained that he had merely commented at a private dinner: "I hear some Republicans helped Kefauver in Minnesota." Tut-tutted Kefauver: "Mr. Stevenson, of course, knows nothing of any Republican money. Apparently he is building up alibi."

"Love That Lyndon." Aside from this exchange, the Kefauver-Stevenson performance for the week had another highlight: a face-to-face encounter in the Las Banos, Calif. spring festival parade, with Adlai rigged out as a cowboy on a roan horse and Estes silk-suited in a Lincoln convertible. Even so, their general pitch was so routine that Democratic eyes and ears began to wander.

When Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn returned to Washington from their triumph over Governor Allan Shivers in the Texas Democratic conventions

Democrats of an issue they would otherwise use against Dwight Eisenhower. But as a skilled political maneuverer marching into Chicago with a considerable bloc of delegates behind him, he could be in a strong position to affect the nomination.

Friendly Capitalist. So could another Democrat. Last week former President Truman rolled into Manhattan to present a Four Freedoms Foundation award to New York's Governor Averell Harriman. Maintaining that he does not favor any candidate, Truman went on to make what sounded like a nominating speech for Harriman. He called his old friend "a capitalist who has long been engaged in the war on poverty throughout the world," a man of vision who was not duped by the Communists. Said Truman: "I don't think there is any man in the U.S. I think more highly of."

The speech was only the latest indication that Truman favors Harriman. For weeks Frank McKinney, the Indianapolis banker once described by Truman as "the best national chairman the Democratic Party ever had," has been working for Harriman. Other former Truman asso-

ARMED FORCES

The Admiral & the Atom

(See Cover)

The Navy is presently going through the most tremendous change it has ever undergone. It is passing from steam to nuclear power, from gunpowder to nuclear weapons, from guns to guided missiles, and in the air, from propeller-type planes to supersonic planes, all at the same time.

—Navy Secretary Charles Thomas

With a soft rustle, the curtains open on the revolution in U.S. sea power. Drawn wide by a briefing officer, they reveal the secret wall maps in the blue-and-gold Pentagon office of the U.S. Chief of Naval Operations. The clock strikes 8 bells—and the Navy's boss, a sea roll to his stride, a faint touch of salt-spray green on the broad gold stripes on his sleeve, barges through the door at 31 knots. This freighter-shaped (5 ft. 11 in., 200 lbs.) admiral, his ties fast to the old Navy and all its traditions, is plunging ahead in a new and astonishing naval era at the same hell-for-weather clip described by a destroyer shipmate from the Solomons Slot: "It's always been the same. All boilers on the line, superheaters cut in, Arleigh Burke is on the way."

Admiral Arleigh Burke, 54, blue eyes for the moment behind horn-rimmed glasses, looks past the curtains; on his maps, pinpointing every major warship and command, are the symbols of his Navy's revolution.

There, steaming from Istanbul to Athens in the Mediterranean, is Vice Admiral Harry D. Felt's Sixth Fleet—soon to include the bristling guided-missile cruiser *Canberra**—offering defense-in-depth to NATO's long, thin southern flank and imposing its stable strength on Middle Eastern foment. There, riding at anchor in the soft swell of Okinawa's Buckner Bay, is Vice Admiral Stuart Ingersoll's Seventh Fleet, ready to turn its carrier-keyed task force toward the first break in Asia's ominous calm (a calm that might well not exist were it not for the Seventh Fleet's presence). There, in drydock for routine overhaul at Norfolk's huge (35 admirals on duty) Navy complex, is the 60,000-ton carrier *Forrestal*, most powerful ship afloat, preparing to join the fleet in the fall as the Navy's champion of nuclear striking power. She is designed to land and launch bombers, e.g., the Douglas A-3-D, which can carry city-razing payloads at more than 600 m.p.h.

And from New London, Conn., on a cruise to New York, slips the symbol of them all: the nuclear submarine *Nautilus*, its atomic engines still generating untold power after a year—and upwards of 30,000 miles—without refueling.

A Start in "Siberia." In terms of the new, atomic-age thinking, the Navy's revolution reached its most dramatic stage

with *Nautilus*. After World War II and a brilliant and imaginative performance on the sea and in the air, the Navy turned slowly to the military potential of the atom. While the Air Force and its Strategic Air Command took over an urgent proprietorship in the atomic age, the Navy fought stoutly to preserve its great fleet, to keep a maximum of ships at sea. It fought the Air Force concept of long-range nuclear retaliation as immoral and stupid—and came perilously close to foreclosing its own future as anything but a sub-hunting ferry command.

SAC kept the world from unlimited war, but by reason of its own massive power—and a political decision by President Truman—it could answer Korea's limited challenge only in the old way (by conventional bombs). Nor did the Navy have all the answers, even though peninsular warfare is traditionally the Navy's meat. Item: at this critical moment, the Navy had no aircraft to meet the Russian MIG, had to make the humiliating decision to stay out of MIG Alley. (While the Air Force F-86s knocked MIGs out at a rate of 13 to 1.) Obviously, what was needed was a force to fight any kind of war, big, medium-sized or little.

But already the challenges of the new age were being met. In late 1950, in a storage shack nicknamed "Siberia" in a shipyard in Groton, Conn., *Nautilus* began to take shape under the intense, sometimes ruthless direction of Captain Hyman Rickover. Some of the salt-encrusted admirals had sneered at Rickover's folly and his

obstreperous methods, obstructed him for five long and crucial years, tried to break up his team and even to get him tossed out of the Navy. It remained for Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations since last August, to realize fully what *Nautilus* meant, to pick up where the engineers had left off and, as a professional Navy man, to turn the professional Navy once and for all toward the future.

The All-Nuclear Fleet. At his Pentagon desk, Burke smacks the dottle from his pipe against his heavy Annapolis ring, looks far beyond today's Navy and sees *Nautilus* as the forerunner of the all-nuclear fleet. Burke's Navy no longer makes conventional submarines: the atomic *Sea Wolf* is ready for commission, seven more A-subs are under construction or authorized, another six are scheduled in the budget now before Congress. That budget makes a pair of historic requests: one is for a construction start on the first nuclear-powered surface vessel, a missile cruiser of about 11,000 tons; the other is for funds to begin design and procurement on the nuclear power plant for an aircraft carrier. Best estimate of the time required for the Navy's complete nuclear conversion: 20 years.

Moving in as weaponry for the new Navy is a growing family of guided missiles: Terrier, Talos and Tartar, Regulus, Petrel, Sparrow and Sidewinder. With a big stock of conventional big-gun ammunition on hand, the Navy is making no more (except for target rounds). The missile cruisers *Boston* and *Canberra* are in



AIRMAN MITSCHER & CHIEF OF STAFF BURKE (1945)

A black-shoe put his best foot forward.

Barrett Gollaghet

* An exception to the rule that all U.S. cruisers are named after American cities, because the valiant Australian cruiser *Canberra* met its end along with three U.S. cruisers in the Battle of Savo Island on Aug. 9, 1942.



TEST PILOT of carrier-based jets, Lieut. Gordon L. Gray Jr., 32, set 50-kilometer closed-course mark of 69.5 m.p.h. in Douglas A4D Skyhawk.



SEAGOING MARINE, 1st Lieut. Joseph Allweiler, 32, directs anti-aircraft firing practice on Tactical Command Ship *Northampton*.



VETERAN CHIEF quartermaster Ronald Emond, 38, directs signal crew on *Boston*, guided-missile ship equipped with Terrier rockets.

service with their radar-controlled anti-aircraft Terriers. The ancient battleship *Mississippi*, converted three years ago to a missile carrier, is a busy floating laboratory for missile development. Two conventional submarines, *Tunny* and *Barbero*, have been converted to missiles, and two more conversions are authorized. The Navy is asking funds for five more cruiser conversions, along with four new missile-launching frigates and eight destroyers. Arleigh Burke sees in the missile a chance that the battleship (the Navy has three afloat, 12 in mothballs) may be brought from semiretirement; it might, he thinks, be just the big, steady sea platform needed for launching the intermediate-range (1,500 miles) ballistic missile. Jupiter, on which the Navy and Army are now working together.

The Teardrop Navy. With nuclear power and the missile, the Navy of tomorrow dramatically begins to take shape. Its atomic-fueled task forces will be able to operate for months, perhaps years, without refueling; about 70% of its cumbersome, vulnerable train of oilers can thus be eliminated. Its carriers will still need huge aviation stores, which can be shuttled between stockpile and task force by high-speed nuclear supply ships (the Navy is nearing a breakthrough in high-energy chemical fuels that may give twice the range of conventional aviation fuels). Ships will be teardropped: stacks, made obsolete by nuclear engines, will be gone; forecastles will be rounded off; missile turrets may be mounted on elevators, kept below deck while cruising and run topside only for firing.

For years to come (although some of Burke's visionaries see a time when the entire nuclear, missile-armed Navy will move underwater) the admirals plan that the heart of the task force will remain the attack carrier with its steam catapults, mirror landing system, angled flight deck, and mobile strike power. *Forrestal* and *Saratoga* will be joined by *Ranger*, *Independence* and a still-nameless carrier, all now under construction.

Since it will not have to worry about fuel conservation, the nuclear task force will be able to sustain a speed of better than 30 knots over long ranges. With one-tenth as many ships as World War II's massed armadas, it will have infinitely more firepower. Forged into a unit by its communications system and far-ranging mobility, it could disperse itself over an ocean area the size of Indiana, so that even if its shield were pierced, not more than one of its ships could be knocked out by any one existing weapon. As the admirals see it, that task force could appear on a given afternoon off any enemy coast, rain atomic—or thermonuclear—destruction, disperse rapidly, pop up the next afternoon to strike 600 miles away. With its extreme mobility on its oceanwide base, the Navy could, at last, fight any kind of war.

Because of its new-found sense of direction, because it is strong and growing stronger, the Navy no longer needs to in-

dulge in defensive sniping at the Air Force and Army. In its cockier moments it can still rile the Air Force, as Navy Secretary Thomas did when he told a Senate Appropriations Subcommittee: "With its newest planes, now being introduced into the fleet, there will be few important targets in the world that the Navy, if called upon, could not reach with atomic weapons." Replied Air Chief General Nathan Twining last week: "We must be realistic about such factors as the probable [offshore] location of the carriers, as well as the amount of striking power they could contribute, which is small." But Nate Twining generally has gone down the line for the Navy's budget requests. Of the Army, Burke is the first to admit: "The final payoff is still to the man on the ground. He's going to have to occupy the territory."

Sailor's Sailor. The fact that Arleigh Albert ("11-Knot") Burke is at the helm of the new Navy is no accident of seniority. Last year able, Navy-wise Secretary Thomas began looking for a replacement for retiring Admiral Robert Carney as Chief of Naval Operations. Thomas was keenly aware of the nuclear revolution and deeply concerned about the Navy's failure to grasp its full significance. Thomas wanted a man with the vision and drive required by the atom. He wanted someone who understood naval aviation. But most of all he wanted a man that the Navy would be glad to follow into its tomorrow. This had to be one of the old Navy's own, a sailor's sailor who had fought the professional Navy's battles on the open sea and in the Pentagon narrows.

Thomas studied his lists and found his man. But he had to be certain. Almost casually, he canvassed the fleet, asked the admirals to name the five men whom they considered the best in their ranks. One name appeared on every list: Arleigh Burke, and with President Eisenhower's enthusiastic approval. Rear Admiral Burke was brought up past 9: seniors and made CNO. Despite his relative youth, Burke had all the qualifications.

About To Be Bilged. The Navy's Burke was born a farm boy near Boulder Colo., with Baseline Lake (now part of the city's reservoir system) the nearest body of water. His father, Oscar Burke, was a Swede, and his mother, Claire Moller Burke, was Pennsylvania Dutch. As the eldest of six children, Arleigh worked hard on his father's 170-acre farm. But a country school teacher aroused his interest in the Navy and on June 26, 1919, the sturdy blond Swede from Boulder stepped off the old Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis railway (now defunct, but known for years to midshipmen as the "Weary, Belated & Annoyed") to begin his Navy career.

Annapolis was tougher for Burke than for most. "I didn't have enough back-

© The old family name was Björkcrantz, the first syllable of which is pronounced Burke. Its Swedish meaning is "limb of a birch tree," and it traces to Burke's great-grandfather, who worked for the Swedish Ministry of Forestry.



FIRST NUCLEAR-POWERED SHIP U.S.S. *Nautilus*, here surfacing off New England coast, was launched Jan. 21, 1954, since then has traveled 30,000 miles without refueling. With

underwater speeds in excess of 20 knots, *Nautilus*, along with four other nuclear subs now under construction, gives U.S. Navy one of its most powerful new striking weapons.



GUIDED MISSILE Regulus takes off with whoosh of white smoke from stern of submarine *Tunny* on maneuvers off California coast. Radio-directed, Regulus can deliver its atomic warhead against surface targets 500 miles distant.

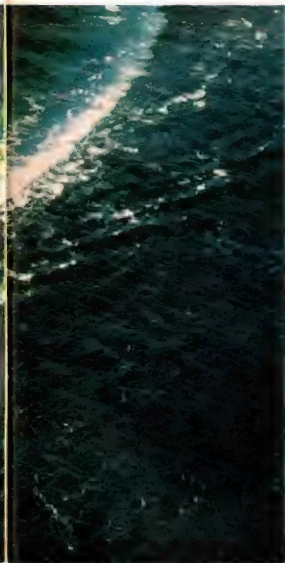
SUPER CARRIER *Forrestal* goes into high-speed turn, with Banshee jet fighters ready for launching on forward steam catapults, swept-winged Furies amidships, and Savages aft. *Forrestal's* huge angled flight deck is 1,036 ft. long.





FAST PUNCH is packed by Terrier anti-aircraft missile, here taking off at speed of 1,500

m.p.h. from after mount of U.S.S. *Boston*. Terrier rides-radar beam has range of 50 miles.



MASSIVE ELEVATOR which spreads over 1,224 sq. ft. just forward of *Forrestal's* radar-

studded bridge island, lowers *Fury* to hangar deck. On flight deck is propeller-driven Skyraider.



NEWEST NAVY JETS line up in formation. From left: Grumman F11F Tiger, McDonnell F3H Demon, Douglas A3D Skywarrior, Douglas F4D Skyray, North American FJ-4 Fury, with Douglas A4D Skyhawk in tail position.

COPTERED MARINES demonstrate vertical envelopment maneuver at Quantico. In future landing operations, marines can take off from jeep carriers, descend in swarm of marine-piloted helicopters, storm beachheads from rear.



ground," he explains, "I nearly bilged out the first year. I had to work like hell, and I got in the habit of it." The habit has never been broken: Burke works from 12 to 14 hours for at least six, and often seven, days a week, has had only one 30-day leave since he left Annapolis 33 years ago.

Port to Port. On the day he graduated, Ensign Burke walked under crossed swords, amid all the pomp and circumstances of an Annapolis wedding, with pretty Roberta ("Bobbie") Gorsuch of Washington at his side. He had met her as a blind date, gone with her for three years, wearied his classmates with a favorite remark: "Lord, but that girl of mine is a wonder."

A wonder she had to be, for the life of a young Navy couple was not easy. In the wake of the Washington disarmament conference, the Navy was cutting its size and promotions were slow. Arleigh was assigned to the battleship *Arizona*, and Bobbie Burke spent the next five years scurrying from port to port on the West Coast. "As soon as I saw where the ship was docked," she says, "I started walking. Then I would rent the first acceptable place we could afford. Arleigh always liked to live near the ship."

By June 1939, Lieut. Commander Burke at last had a ship of his own, was piped aboard the U.S.S. *Mugford* as its skipper. *Mugford* was a destroyer, and thus began his second real romance. In the Solomons five years later, he was to handle destroyers with a deadly dash and affectionate skill that won him Navy renown as the most famous destroyer man in history.

Belay That Yo-Yo. The Navy was still trying to protect the Marines on Guadalcanal and gain control of the South Pacific when Burke was assigned to command Destroyer Squadron 23, which operated with Rear Admiral "Tip" Merrill's cruiser Task Force 39. Typically, Burke first set about building morale, christening DesRon 23 the "Little Beavers" after a comic-strip character, and making a deal with Merrill's well-stocked cruisers for tons of ice cream. He ran a taut ship with an easy hand. One of the few public reprimands he ever handed out was when one of his destroyers strayed out of formation. Over his TBS (Talk Between Ships) radio, Burke snapped to the offending skipper: "Mister, that's a destroyer, not a yo-yo."

Burke and his skippers loved nothing better than to bring their tin cans swooping into Blackett Strait, heeling them hard and sending giant waves to wash away Army and Marine latrines standing still-deep at water's edge (they tumbled best when top-heavy with occupants). For each such kill, a palm-thatched hut was painted on a destroyer bridge. This sport continued until an admiral, besieged with Army complaints, collared Burke and roared: "Burke, if you or your men smash any more of these goddam privies, I'll see that you are put to sea in one yourself when this war is over."

Classic Action. In late November 1943, Burke's Little Beavers were refueling in Hathorn Sound when the call came to proceed "at 30 knots" (top speed)

and intercept a Japanese force heading for Buka Island, off Bougainville's northern tip and 230 nautical miles away. Burke reported: "Proceeding at 31 knots." An hour later Admiral Halsey received Burke's latest position, along with word that the Little Beavers were still "making 31 knots." The next dispatch Burke received from Halsey was addressed to "31-Knot Burke." Burke had won his name.

Burke's speed placed him athwart the Buka-Rahaul neck of the Solomon Sea nearly two hours ahead of schedule—but none too soon to intercept the two Japanese destroyers, themselves far ahead of intelligence estimates, that soon bore into range. Burke launched his attack with a memorable order: "Hold your hats, boys; here we go." His destroyers heeled for the enemy at flank speed, launched their torpedoes, turned hard to starboard. Both Japanese ships exploded, and Burke wheeled to face three more enemy destroyers just arriving. The newcomers saw what had happened and decided to depart—hastily. They were not fast enough: Burke fell on the rear enemy destroyer and sent it under with gunfire.

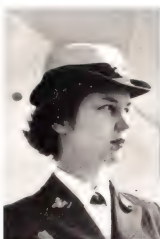
The president of the U.S. Naval War College later called this "an almost perfect surface action." Bull Halsey himself described it as "the classic sea action of this war." And for Burke was reserved perhaps the finest moment that can come to a blue-water sailor. When his Little Beavers steamed into their home base, every ship in the roadstead turned up its searchlights, and the bluejackets manned the rails to cheer Arleigh Burke and his gallant cans.

Fateful Assignment. The war moved into the Central Pacific; the Marshalls were invaded, Truk was bombed, the Marianas scouted, and Admiral Marc Mitscher made a lasting name for himself as the commander of a great new carrier task force. In Washington, Admiral Ernie King, the Navy's able, chill-eyed CNO, abruptly ordered that every aviation task force commander should have a nonaviator as chief of staff. Burke was assigned to Mitscher. At first neither Mitscher, the airman, nor Burke of the black-shoe Navy liked the arrangement, but it was a fateful assignment. Burke was a long time changing Airman Mitscher's prejudice against surface sailors but he did it by demonstrating his consummate understanding of ships' capabilities.

Under Mitscher, Burke helped plan such U.S. victories as the Marianas Turkey Shoot and the Battles of the Philippine Sea. Moreover, he studied the employment of naval air power with the same tireless energy that had pulled him through his plebe year at the academy. Near war's end he played a key role in the death of Japan's mightiest battleship, *Yamato*. When word came that *Yamato* was heading down on Okinawa, Burke hastily drew up a battle plan, Mitscher



SEAMAN 1/C Reginald E. La Rochester, 20, is member of gang manning signal bridge of Boston.



WAVE YEOMAN Donna Griffin 20, is clerical assistant to commanding officer at Patuxent River Naval Air Test Center, Md.



RESCUE TEAM, Airman Raymond Turner, in "hot" suit and Flight Surgeon Lieut. W. D. Hofmann, stand ready for emergency on *Forrestal*.

approved it and launched his planes. A British observer protested: "You are launching before you can possibly be sure of location." Replied Burke: "We are launching against the spot where we would be if we were *l'amato*." *l'amato* did not live to see the sun go down that day.

Secret Mastermind. No sooner had the war ended than the Navy was up to its scuppers in trouble. It fought against a plan to merge it and the Army under a single commander, managed to retain considerable autonomy under the "unification" compromise that created the Defense Department. Then, in 1949, Harry Truman's Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, by direction a drastic budget cutter, abruptly canceled construction of the Navy's super carrier *United States*. The Navy decided that Johnson's act was a plain threat to naval aviation and, indeed, to the Navy as an effective combat command. There seemed only one thing to do: fight.

Arleigh Burke, established as a man who had thought as well as fought, was placed in charge of Op-23, the secret unit that would mastermind the Navy's fight. Captain Burke's actual orders were to prepare high-level, high-caliber position papers. In practice, Op-23 also furnished ammunition against the Air Force and its B-36, and to the Navy press section from Op-23 came material for the spate of scurrilous leaks that reached its climax with the Revolt of the Admirals (TIME, Oct. 17, 1949 *et seq.*).

Navy Secretary Francis ("Rowboat") Matthews was furious when he learned about Burke's Op-23. He ordered Navy inspectors to raid Burke's offices. They descended late one afternoon and held Burke and his staff incommunicado all night while they searched through the files for secret papers (they found none). A few weeks later, Matthews drew a red line through Burke's name on a list of promotions to rear admiral; it was back on the next list after a press outcry and the personal intervention of Admiral Forrest Sherman, the new Chief of Naval Operations, with President Truman.

The Bad & the Good. Whatever its demerits, Op-23 did give Burke an unequalled opportunity to study his Navy and decide where it should head, once past its crisis. When he took command as CNO, it was far from where he thought it should be. Against a growing Russian submarine threat—an estimated 400 subs, about 150 of them modern, long-range boats—the Navy was, and is, behind in its anti-submarine development. Although beautiful, new supersonic jet aircraft were on the drawing boards and at test centers, the Navy's jet design lagged behind the Air Force, and behind the more realistic threats of Russian aircraft. The Bureau of Ships had not kept pace: for its carriers, the Navy was forced to take over British inventions—the steam catapult, the angled deck, the mirror landing system.

Equally pressing was the need to hold skilled technicians in the Navy, and here, progress has its own price. Explains an enlisted missileman at Norfolk: "This new

equipment is getting so complicated that the makers find a junction area and slap a little black box over it. No one but the civilian technical representative can monkey with this little black box. The Navy man loses contact with his equipment. He begins to think about getting out so he can become a tech rep and work with the little black box himself."

Arleigh Burke knows only one way to meet such problems: proceed at 31 knots, all day and, if necessary, every day.

Hawks Through Peepholes. One day last week, Burke warmly greeted a visitor to his office. He sat behind his small desk, puffed on his battered pipe, and, while Filipino stewards served coffee, talked easily. The gentle, almost ingenuous, façade was deceptive: watching like hawks



SECRETARY THOMAS
One name on every list.

from behind one-way peepholes at each end of the office were Burke's aides. They knew that they would soon be struck by a blizzard of memos, ideas and questions, all growing out of Burke's seemingly casual conversation. It is the same with every conversation Burke has.

Since becoming CNO, Burke has held regular stag dinners for young Navy lieutenants in his Observatory Hill quarters off Washington's Massachusetts Avenue. After dinner Burke lights up and asks the lieutenants to talk. They do—and next morning the memos flow to Burke's aides.

The old Navy hands whom Burke sometimes takes with him on flying inspection tours come in for a shock treatment. Explains an aide: "There they are, all these admirals and captains, looking comfortably out at the clouds. Then, ten minutes after we're airborne, Burke comes down the aisle. To the first admiral he says, 'Would you mind giving me a study paper on rank structure? Take your time. Two or three hours will be soon enough.' Then, with the admiral staring after him flabbergasted, Burke moves on to the next man

—and so he goes down through the plane. Some of these people haven't thought about writing a paper in years, and suddenly they've got to produce. I remember one guy who didn't finish his paper—hell, he didn't even get started. When we got back to the Pentagon, he asked Burke if he still wanted it. Burke said, 'Sorry, it's too late, I've made my decision.' He had also made his decision about that officer."

"Very Respy." In his eagerness to bring new life to the Navy, Burke sets a man-killing personal example. In his office by 8 o'clock, he gets his briefing, then attacks the dispatches piled high on his desk. He makes marginal notations with a green pencil (no one else in the office is permitted to use green), begins each comment with "Pls." and ends with "Respy." In their replies, Burke's staffers sign off with "Very Respy."

Conferences, as many as 20 a day, keep Burke in his office until 8 or 9 most nights, and he takes his packed briefcase home with him. At dinner, he passes up bread, butter and potatoes in his continuing war against weight, but finishes off with a generous helping of ice cream. Says Bobbie Burke: "He doesn't seem to mind getting fat on ice cream."

Burke rarely shows temper. When he does, it may require Bobbie's calm hand to cool him off. Once Burke was accosted at a cocktail party by a tipsy captain who ripped into one of his pet projects. Burke went home raging, slept fitfully that night, arrived at his office the next morning still boiling. He ordered his yeoman to get the captain on the phone. While the yeoman was placing the call, Burke reached into his pocket for his pipe. Along with the pipe came a note in Bobbie's neat handwriting. It read: "You're in no mood to make a sound decision." Said Burke to the yeoman: "Please cancel that call."

Mind Over Matter. Late last month, Burke took off on a Far Eastern inspection tour that reflected the sweep of U.S. Navy interest. From a Pearl Harbor visit with tall, laconic Pacific Commander Felix Stump, Burke jumped to Guam, Kwajalein, the Navy's Subic Bay base in the Philippines, thence to Indonesia's Djakarta, neutralist Cambodia, temple-studded Bangkok, and finally to Saigon.

In Bangkok, a state dinner had been held for Burke. Dressing for the dinner, Burke turned to the young officers who had accompanied him. "All right, men," he said. "We are about to meet the head of state of a foreign power, a man that might challenge you on any subject. Put yourself in my place. You are a senior representative of the U.S. Government. What would you do?" The officers looked blank. Snapped Burke: "Think. Just think. And don't stop thinking." The U.S. Navy still has a long way to go in its revolution, but under Arleigh Burke's driving insistent leadership, it is thinking as never before. For years Navy theory dragged in the wake of advancing technology. Now, at last, ideas far outstream hardware-in-hand, and the Navy knows where it is heading.

THE PRIMARIES

The Shakedown

In five states last week, primary elections shook down fields of hopefuls for the serious campaigning ahead:

¶ In Ohio a pair of fireplug-size campaigners earned the right to meet in November for the governor's chair that Frank J. Lausche is vacating to run for the U.S. Senate. Ex-Federal Price Boss Michael V. Di Salle (5 ft. 5 in., 212 lbs.) gathered more votes than his four Democratic opponents combined, while State Attorney General C. William O'Neill (5 ft. 5 in., 160 lbs.) drubbed Lieut. Governor John W. Brown for the Republican nomination. Biggest surprise in Ohio: the failure of Lausche, unopposed in the primary (as was his Republican senatorial opponent, George Bender), to capture all of the state's 58 delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Lausche lost three delegates (one by default) in his home county of Cuyahoga (Cleveland), another outstate.

¶ In Indiana, where voters had a choice of either Republican or Democratic ballots, a Democratic-predicted "farm revolt" vanished in a cloud of Republican ballots as President Eisenhower rolled up 353,038 votes to 242,422 for Senator Estes Kefauver, unopposed for the Democratic nomination. Vanderburgh County which Indianans proudly claim has backed every presidential winner since 1896, gave Ike 15,129, the Keef 12,550.

¶ In Maryland, Democrat Millard E. Tydings, 66, began a comeback by edging out George P. Mahoney in the closest senatorial primary in Maryland history. He will face John Marshall Butler, who in 1950 knocked Tydings out of the Senate seat he had held for 24 years.

¶ In West Virginia, running for the U.S. Senate seat of the late Harley M. Kilgore, ex-Senator Chapman Revercomb led a Republican field of five, and Governor William C. Marland edged past State Attorney General John G. Fox to win the Democratic nomination. But in the race for governor, Democrats turned their backs on Marland-backed Milton J. Ferguson, picked Congressman Robert H. Mollohan to run against the G.O.P.'s Cecil H. Underwood, minority leader of the state house.

¶ In New Mexico Democratic Governor John F. Simms Jr. (pro-Stevenson) narrowly missed becoming the first incumbent governor in the state's history to lose in a primary election, defeated State Corporation Commissioner Ingram B. Pickett (pro-Harriman) by less than 2,300 votes. Simms will face ex-Governor Edwin L. Mechem, the Republican choice.

In another New Mexico campaign Sandoval County Republicans pondered promises by Julio Tenorio, a candidate for sheriff, that prisoners would not be beaten by "my under sheriff or deputies" but would be "well guarded so they will not be able to escape twice a week or beat the jailer," then voted for Tenorio's opponent, Rudy Montoya, 483 to 450.

FLORIDA

Call for Collins

"We will have segregation in this state by lawful and peaceful means," said Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins, 47, as he campaigned his way through a gauntlet of bigotry set up by his rivals for the Democratic nomination for governor. "We will not have our state torn asunder by rioting and disorder and violence. If you want a governor who is going to seek to have white people hating colored people, and colored people hating white people, then you do not want LeRoy Collins."

Florida Democrats wanted Collins, a moderate in tone if not in substance, so much that they broke all records last week to give him 432,000 votes, a clear major-



Robert Kelley—LIFE

WINNER COLLINS
Moderation has its charms.

ity over the combined vote (400,000) of his five opponents.

Down to a poor fourth place went Fuller Warren, former governor (1949-53), who had proclaimed: "If race-mixing comes to Florida, there will result from it a maulito race." Up to a poor second went White Supremacist Sumter Lowry, retired National Guardsman and popeyed patriot who highlighted his first campaign by displaying a blown-up picture of his eight-year-old daughter: "Now what kind of a man would I be if I didn't fight for a little girl like that?"

Collins' excellent showing in the Statehouse, e.g., record personal income and employment in the state (TIME, Dec. 19), added point to his warning that racist chaos would wreck the boom. He rolled up landslide margins amid the new factories of the boom: 78% in Broward County (Ft. Lauderdale), 72% of the vote in Dade County (Miami), 69% in Pinellas County (St. Petersburg). He is sure to walk away from G.O.P. Nominee William A. Washburne in November.

Added to Lyndon Johnson's clean sweep

in Texas last fortnight (TIME, May 14), Collins' primary victory suggested a new fact for the rest of the South and the U.S.: the tone of moderation, drowned out of late in Deep-South Alabama and Georgia, still has its charms in the prospering Southern periphery.

NEVADA

Fractured Crystal

With control of the U.S. Senate (present count: 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans, one vacancy) hinging on the outcome, both parties have applied steam-boiler pressure in recent months to push known vote getters into the most critical of this year's 32 senatorial contests. Last week the pressure from the Democratic boiler pushed Nevada's easygoing, cherubic Alan Bible, 46, elected in 1954 to fill the unexpired term of the late Pat McCarran, into a contest for which he had little taste: another Nevada Democratic primary campaign.

Bible, a hand-groomed favorite of the Senate Democratic leadership, set aside an earlier decision to retire to the "quieter role" of private life (as a topflight Reno lawyer). But, far from improving the Democratic position, the move misfired, left the party's fragile post-McCarran unity as fractured as a quartz crystal from the Comstock mines. Three other Democratic hopefuls, all of whom had politely waited until Bible announced his "retirement" last fall to jump into the race, gave little indication of getting out again. Most certain to benefit from the fracture: able Clifton Young, 33, Nevada's only Congressman, and the unopposed Republican choice for the Senate seat.

MICHIGAN

The Bow Tie

Michigan's boyish, bow-tied Governor G. (for Gerhard) Mennen Williams, who has been in the statehouse longer than any previous Michigan governor, announced last week that he will seek a fifth two-year term. "Soapy" Williams is obviously serious about running for re-election, but is not likely to let the prospect stand in his way if lightning should strike at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago next August. With Michigan's delegates planning to offer their 45-year-old governor as something more than just a favorite-son candidate. Williams has said that he feels "no compelling urge to run for the vice presidency [but] I am not prepared to say I wouldn't accept."

There is a stronger possibility that the G.O.P. may give him some headaches at home. Leading prospect for the Republican nomination for governor is Detroit's Mayor Albert E. (for Eugene) Cobo, 62, who has been elected in nonpartisan contests to seven terms as city treasurer and three as mayor. Cobo's supporters think that the popular mayor, who has always pulled a big vote in Democratic Detroit despite the opposition of Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers, might cut into the heart of Governor Williams' strength.

FOREIGN NEWS

CYPRUS

Deepening Tragedy

In a cell in the Nicosia Central Prison's Block 8, a haggard young (23) tax clerk named Michael Karaolis told his black-shawled mother: "They're going to hang me." From the next cell Andreas Demeetriou, also 23, and awaiting a similar fate, shouted the news to prisoners down the row. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, the doughty little Governor of Cyprus, had made a soldier's unpleasant decision: finding "no grounds for exercising Royal Prerogative of Mercy," the two young Greek Cypriots must hang.

In the year-long fight between Greek-speaking Cypriots and their British masters in the crown colony of Cyprus, 92 people had lost their lives up to week's end—not a very big figure when set against such other tragic struggles as Kenya and Algeria. But what made it heart-breaking is the fact that it is a fight between friends. Greeks have fought beside Britons for freedom since Byron; they cannot understand now why the British should deny their fellow Greeks' desire for self-determination.

In Athens, Governor Harding's stern decision touched off the worst street killings and disorders since the Communists tried to grab power in 1944. Blocked off by army barricades from the British embassy, Athens mobs stoned the U.S. Information Office and started a sprinting, shooting street fight with troops and cops in which three died, 200 were wounded. Greek Premier Constantine Karamanlis pleaded with the British to call off the executions. So did 30 British Labor M.P.s. And so, departing briefly from the U.S. decision to be neutral over Cyprus, did

John Foster Dulles, who asked Britain's Selwyn Lloyd "whether it would not be prudent to postpone the hanging."

Britain's Tory government was unmoved by outcries abroad or protests at home. It had steeled itself to a hard course and engaged on a dangerous gamble. By exiling Archbishop Makarios to an Indian Ocean island without legal process, and ruthlessly stamping out terrorism, it hoped to create a "fertile vacuum" in which new, more compliant leaders would emerge. Karaolis had killed a cop. Demeetriou had wounded a British businessman; they must pay.

Unhallowed Ground. As Harding prepared for the first political execution in Britain's 78-year island rule, 400,000 Cypriots mounted a death watch. Behind shuttered doors Nicosia waited as Father Antonios, head priest of Archbishop Makarios' palace chapel, went to give the doomed pair the Holy Sacraments. Karaolis wrote out his confession on a piece of paper. At 4 a.m. a guard nudged Antonios from a restless couch, led him to a dim room where two plain coffins stood by the wall. Because the British insisted on burial in the prison courtyard, *i.e.*, in unhallowed ground, the Orthodox priest could not hold service. He read briefly from the Bible, then kissed each man on the forehead. They died bravely, he said.

Outside the gate, Karaolis' mother sat on a little chair. An air of smoldering enmity hung over the capital city of Nicosia. Shops shut tight in protest; workers left jobs. Men no longer sat at cafés but lounged sullenly at the curbs; they glared and spat as young British troopers rattled past in Land Rovers, their Bren guns trained outboard.

Next day EOKA, the right-wing under-



James Whitmore—LIFE

SIR JOHN HARDING
Murder finds no mercy.

ground terrorist outfit, issued its own communiqué. The EOKA announcement: it had hanged two British soldiers—Corporals Gordon Hill and Ronnie Shilton—in reprisal. The word was spread in leaflets scattered through Nicosia. EOKA warned: "We shall answer hanging with hanging and torture with torture." British troops caught one 19-year-old handing out the leaflets, shot him dead as he tried to run.

Building Resentment. Thus Cyprus' tragedy deepened, as relentlessly and starkly as if Aeschylus had written it, and mere humans could not change it. To the British the hanged Cypriots were terrorists; to the Greeks they were martyrs.

Athenian authorities ordered a marble plaque put up renaming the Athens street fronting the British embassy "Karaolis-Demeetriou Street." A Cretan merchant offered a \$300,000 reward for Sir John Harding's head, to match Harding's offer of \$30,000 for information leading to the capture of Colonel George Grivas, the British-trained ex-Greek army officer reputed to head EOKA.

And the *Manchester Guardian* was reminded of a parallel: "In 1916 we shot the leaders of the Easter Rebellion. By 1921 more Irishmen than ever were fighting us in the name of Pearse and Connolly, and the resentment which our action aroused has not died away."

Many Britons asked themselves last week whether it was not time to go back and offer genuine democratic self-government to the Cypriots. Britain has long acknowledged that Cyprus is Greek; the great 19th century statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, said he hoped that before his long life ended he might see union of Cyprus with the Greeks. The



GREEK POLICE CHASING RIOTER IN ATHENS
Retribution begets revenge.

International

policy of iron-handed repression, instead of deterring from violence, has justified it: it has inflamed the Cypriot nationalists, endangered Karamanlis' pro-Western government in Greece, damaged NATO ties, riddled feelings between Turk and Greek, and pinned down in distasteful duty the regiments whose instant readiness to fly to Middle East danger spots was supposed to be Britain's main reason for hanging on to the Cyprus base.

A Way Out. Britain's get-tough policy on Cyprus began abruptly last March within a week after the unceremonious ouster of Britain's Glubb Pasha from Jordan. Sir Anthony Eden and his imperial advisers decided to consolidate their hold on Cyprus at all costs, to defend their threatened position in the Middle East oil zone. This ugly situation jeopardizes NATO, which seeks new tasks for itself; yet NATO has sought to avoid trouble by ignoring it. Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak has proposed that NATO step in to supervise Cyprus' future self-determination, and at the same time see that the Greeks (who would undoubtedly win) give protective guarantees to the island's 20% Turk minority. Britain's needs in Cyprus would be amply served by a long-term lease guaranteeing free use of the sizable air, troop and naval base they are now building on the Episkopi Bay; NATO could underwrite a Greek guarantee so that Britain need not fear that one concession would lead to another, as in Egypt when the British were driven from the Suez Canal Zone.

Some such diplomatic compromise might stop the seeming inevitability of final tragedy. It is late in the day for retribution, which begets only revenge and the determination to achieve freedom.

ALGERIA

Harassed on All Sides

The terror of the *fallagas* swept Algeria from end to end last week. The attacks were forceful, organized and purposeful.

In western Algeria, near the Moroccan border, the rebels launched coordinated attacks on the rich, winegrowing plains between the mountains and the coasts. In one night, rebel bands attacked 46 big French farms, burned buildings to the ground, slaughtered 17 Europeans and 23 Muslims. In the east, rebels attacked 40 villages along the mountainous coast, hurling hand grenades and gasoline bombs. At week's end, rebel suicide squads broke into Constantine (pop. 118,000) at noon, fought a running gun battle with French troops through the streets, and bombed a Jewish café in the city's center.

The French doggedly reported 79 rebels killed one day, 109 the next, but the attacks went on. A ragtag rebel "army" of not more than 20,000 men was tying down a French force that will reach 330,000 men by month's end. Minister Resident Robert Lacoste declared a state of siege for two eastern Algerian departments, and in western Oran ordered all able-bodied

men from 18 to 48 to report for militia duty.

Any attempt by Lacoste to match force with reforms to benefit the Arabs angered Algeria's 1,000,000 Frenchmen. Students at the University of Algiers struck against Lacoste's announced plan to give two-thirds of all administrative posts to qualified Muslims. At ceremonies celebrating the eleventh anniversary of V-E Day, hostile Algerian French crowds booed, hurled tomatoes and stones as Lacoste laid a wreath on the war memorial. "Lacoste, resign! Put the army in power!" they chanted. Lacoste hustled past the police cordon, stopped before one shouting Frenchman and demanded: "Have you ever fought a war?" The man said no. Snapped Lacoste: "Well, I fought in two. If you want to give lessons in patriotism get up into the mountains." Lacoste



ROBERT LACOSTE

Le Temps

"Resign," cried the crowd.

turned to the others: "You're all nothing but a bunch of sidewalk jingosts."

Harassed on all sides, Lacoste struck out at all sides. He even potshotted the U.S. rebels, he said, recognizing "they cannot possibly win by military action," are now falling back on the hope that "international opinion or action by foreign countries" will impose a solution on France. He denied a visa to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. cloak-and-dagger European representative, Irving Brown. Said Lacoste: "Under pretext of trade unionism, Brown conducts adventurous activity with doubtful personages, showing the greatest contempt for the interests and position of France in Algeria." To keep a balance of sorts, he simultaneously ordered the expulsion of two of the more fanatic French *colon* leaders. (The two promptly announced: "It is the greatest honor a government we deeply despise can render us.") Then Lacoste flew off to Paris to demand yet another 50,000 troops.

FRANCE

The Fifth Republic?

The Algerian crisis threatens to change the political structure of France.

The government of Socialist Premier Guy Mollet persists in office partly because no other majority among France's politicians wants to assume the onus of grappling with the dilemma of Algeria. When Mollet returns from a visit to Moscow next week, he will face a debate on his Algerian policy. Nowhere are there more misgivings about his policy than among the members of his own Socialist party, deeply uncomfortable about the war of repression which circumstance has forced on them. Mollet may survive, but will that be enough?

Reverse the Regime. Last week, watching the spreading decay in Algeria, increasing numbers of Frenchmen were reaching an unhappy conclusion: a policy of negatives will not save Algeria, and the Fourth Republic (which has had 22 Premiers in eleven years) seems incapable of providing anything else. Frenchmen of all shades of the political spectrum talked of the need for a fundamental revision of the regime itself.

Such talk has long been café chatter in France. What gave it sudden new weight was a short speech by Premier Mollet himself. Socialists have always been the most vociferous opponents of a strong executive, fearing right-wing authoritarianism. But last week Socialist Mollet declared: "The country has the impression that her institutions no longer correspond to the needs of the modern state. It is for the republicans themselves to take the initiative for a profound constitutional reform." Mollet declared that he intended to introduce "a small number of simple propositions" to provide "the assurance of governmental continuity."

In recent weeks talk has revolved around a bold reform—the institution of a *régime présidentiel*, patterned on the U.S. system.

Its most impressive advocate is the "Committee for the Study of the Republic," a body formed a year ago by Christian Pineau, now Foreign Minister. The committee included outstanding jurists, government officials and many political leaders, among them Pierre Mendes-France. It found that neither changes in the electoral system nor reforms of the present system could convert France to a two-party system like Britain's or the U.S.'s. But a constitution providing the country with a strong executive elected for a four-year term was possible, and, in fact, the committee said, "the most adaptable to French political habits."

The Man. In any discussion of such a President for France, the first name invoked is that of Charles de Gaulle. Not since he turned his back on what he called the "mudhole" of French politics has the name of De Gaulle been on so many lips. Wrote the Roman Catholic man of the left center, Novelist François Mauriac, in *L'Express*: "He appears to me the only

Frenchman in whom reposes enough pure glory and who is gifted with enough prestige to revive in North Africa around France a federation of free peoples."

De Gaulle, aloof as ever and 61 now, has made no effort to encourage such talk. He is in good health, though he recently underwent an operation for a cataract on an eye. Two weeks ago the remnant of his Gaullist "Rally of the French People" held a congress, proposed a program: the President of the French Republic would call on De Gaulle as the next Premier. De Gaulle would demand from the Assembly full emergency powers, including full power to deal with Algeria. The Assembly would then send itself on a permanent vacation. De Gaulle would summon a constitutional assembly composed of leaders of political groups, professions, labor unions and jurists to draft a constitution for a new *régime présidentiel*. The new constitution would be submitted to the voters of France in a national referendum, and if accepted, a President elected. If the constitution was rejected, De Gaulle would retire and the Fourth Republic would carry on as before.

Political dopsters immediately concluded that these were De Gaulle's minimum conditions for returning to power. De Gaulle did not deny it; he merely declared that the statement was "inopportune."

If the Algerian crisis should subside without disaster, so would many of the demands for change. But in the present state of the Fourth Republic, there is no clear-cut political majority prepared to fight in Algeria to the end. Neither does there seem to be one strong enough to conclude a negotiated peace.

The Fourth Republic is tired of living and afraid of dying. It might soon have to make a choice.

A Man to Watch Carefully

The last time Tito saw Paris was as an undercover Communist agent during the Spanish civil war. Traveling on forged papers as a Czech named Jaromir Havlicek, he set up headquarters in a Left Bank fleabag to arrange the dispatch of 1,500 Yugoslav volunteers to fight for Loyalist Spain. The police kept an eye on him.

Last week, resplendently uniformed in sky blue, Yugoslavia's Dictator-President Josip Broz Tito arrived in Paris on a visit of state, and was even more thoroughly watched—this time as an endangered rather than a dangerous individual. A jittery French government could not help remembering that the last visit to France of a Yugoslav head of state, in 1934, had ended in the assassination in Marseille of both Yugoslavia's King Alexander and France's Foreign Minister Louis Barthou, who was riding with him.

Clearing the Way. Long before Tito and his Junesque wife arrived at the Bois de Boulogne Station in their special blue and silver armor-plated train, all known anti-Titoist refugees in Paris were placed under surveillance. The most ar-

dent of them were rounded up, along with a motley crew of anarchists, royalists, diehard Yugoslav Catholics and Cominform Communists, and shipped off to Corsica for a week's vacation—food, wine and sightseeing—at France's expense. A small army of about 15,000 police, plainclothesmen, helmeted *Gardes Républicains* and firemen were deployed over Paris to help keep the peace. Along the route of march from the railroad station to the Elysée Palace, where the visitors were to stay, Parisian firemen stood watch on rooftops, and every chestnut tree shaded a cop or a detective. Public sewers and private houses along the way had been combed by security men, and wood-



TITO & WIFE IN PARIS
A cop under every tree.

en barriers, well guarded by the police, had been set up to hold the welcoming crowds out of bomb-throwing range. Even Tito himself was impressed. "Things are not even this tight in Russia," he remarked. "I never saw anything like it."

Neither, many a Parisian agreed, had Paris itself, not even in the dark days when Adolf Hitler came to town as a conqueror. While the Yugoslav dictator and his official hosts swept freely along cleared boulevards in the city, the plain citizens of Paris found their own progress blocked at every turn. Never smooth flowing, the city's traffic became a nightmare of confusion as main thoroughfares were blocked off for hours at a time.

Quiet Talk. Here and there in the confusion tempers flared, and small angry clashes occurred between police and citizens. Newsmen and photographers were beaten, a priest was arrested, teenage boys were hauled off to jail for demonstrating with posters (*RETURN GOD TO YUGOSLAVIA*) and shouting, "Free Cardinal Stepinac!"

In the midst of it all and far removed from the madding and maddened crowds,

Tito and his host, Premier Guy Mollet, found time for some quiet talk. Together they agreed on the necessity for disarmament and the necessity to maintain a wary attitude toward Russia in spite of its new face. Tito also expressed to his host a hope for "a liberal solution of the Algerian problem," which was considered a most tactful thing to say at this moment.

WEST GERMANY

Year of Disappointment

In its first year as a sovereign nation and 15th member of the Atlantic alliance, West Germany has turned in a disappointing performance as great partner of the West. Items:

❑ A year ago, as part of the bargain that won its sovereignty, West Germany pledged NATO a 500,000-man army of twelve divisions for the common defense. Today it still has only a handful of men (just under 10,000) in uniform, has passed less than half of the enabling legislation for rearmament. And the conscription bill has been so often delayed that final passage is not expected before fall.

❑ Though the most prosperous country in Europe, West Germany has refused to contribute more than 5.5% of its swelling gross national product to its own defense. Britain, despite inflationary troubles, contributes 10.1%, the U.S. 11.6%.

❑ Despite its failure to build its own army, West Germany, in the person of plenipotentiary Finance Minister Fritz Schäfer, for months refused flatly to continue its cash contributions to the support of Allied troops in Germany.

❑ West Germany is receiving \$1 billion worth of arms from the U.S. as a gift—but the only comments heard are complaints that the arms are obsolete.

❑ Though Germany has accumulated \$2.3 billion in gold and dollar reserves, though it has an unused budgetary surplus of \$1.4 billion gathering dust in banks, Schäfer is asking the U.S. for \$2 billion in defense aid, half as an outright gift.

From Bonn TIME's Bureau Chief Jim Bell reported:

Few Germans seem to care about the posture West Germany thus presents to its allies. Most politicians are interested only in next year's elections. Businessmen want to hedge against a possible Western recession by opening up trade with the East. Everyone wants big tax reductions. What does seem essential is that production should continue its phenomenal rise, steel output its steady climb (last year it passed Britain's), exports their swift increase, so that there can be more goods in the stores, more wages in the pay envelopes, more automobiles on the *autobahnen* (where there are nearly three times as many as in 1938).

Adenauer's Ordeal. The untold story of West Germany's shortcomings might be called the ordeal of that great old man Konrad Adenauer. *Der Alte* saw his deepest convictions shaken. Even his closest intimates only partly appreciate how severely that ordeal tried his spirit and

paralyzed his decision. Germany has scamped its obligations in almost exactly the degree that his hand has faltered.

A year ago Adenauer stood hunched in a drizzling rain to watch the flag of the Federal Republic raised for the first time. His nation, a decade before the smoking ruins of Hitler's Reich, was accepted in the world again, largely because of him. This was his moment of triumph.

The disintegration of Adenauer's leadership began with Geneva's conference at the Summit. In Adenauer's eyes the Western policy of building strength in concert, which had enabled West Germany to defy Soviet displeasure and declare its sovereignty, had been abandoned, and the pillar on which he had leaned for six years had given way. The sight of Eisenhower beaming at Bulganin, Macmillan crying "There ain't gonna be no war," the new atmosphere of relaxation, confused and bewildered him. His mission to Moscow, which followed soon after, virtually shattered him. He considered Russian leaders the personification of evil and detested this intimate contact with them. But he and his advisers returned from Moscow bitterly convinced that their policy had been based on a false assumption, and that no nation—including the U.S.—had the mass or energy to move the Soviet leaders against their will. In Moscow he had desperately accepted a bad bargain, swapping diplomatic recognition for the release of a handful of war prisoners. His intimates say he returned to Bonn last September feeling he had been broken by blackmail and hating himself for it. Three weeks later, weary, downhearted and restless, he took a lonely walk one foggy night along the murky Rhine, hands clasped behind his back. Next day he came down with bronchial pneumonia.

Appalling Error. While Adenauer lay in his bed for seven weeks, more seriously ill than most people knew, Molotov at the second Geneva conference convinced thousands of West Germans that reunification was a gift to be bestowed by one power—the Soviet Union—and on its conditions. The failure of positions of strength to win East Germany back led some Germans to ask why they should waste time, money and manpower in re-arming. Why rearm if there "ain't gonna be no war"? Almost immediately there began a widespread search for ways to circumvent Germany's pledges to NATO.

When Thomas Dehler, leader of the second-largest party in Adenauer's coalition, demanded "a German foreign policy" and bilateral negotiations with the Russians, Adenauer on his sickbed could not contain himself. He dashed off a letter demanding that Dehler recant and swear allegiance to Adenauer's policy. It was an appalling political error, the first sign that the sick old man was losing his legendary political instinct. Dehler had been slipping, but faced with such a humiliating ultimatum, a majority of his party rallied to him, and deserted the coalition. Adenauer's once-massive 334-vote majority shrank to 281.

Right the Wrong. A fortnight ago Konrad Adenauer returned tanned from a month-long vacation in Switzerland. He seemed once again more like his old self. He summoned all his power—and it took all of it—to get the conscription bill through its first reading (it will take all his power to get it enacted by fall). He roused himself at last to put Fritz Schäfer in his place. Last week, speaking with Adenauer's backing, Foreign Minister Brentano reversed Schäfer's stand, announced that West Germany will continue to share the cost of maintaining Allied troops on its soil "in the spirit of our alliance," until West Germany had built an army of its own. But the new partner

At 81, Britain's great wartime leader looked a figure who already belongs to history. In contrast, Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, only a year younger, seemed almost youthful as he hustled about, looking solicitously to the welfare of his guest. Rheumy-eyed and bowed with fatigue, Churchill, at Lady Churchill's side, doggedly dragged his weight up the 23 steps into Aachen's city hall, putting on a brave show for the 5,000 Germans gathered in the square to greet him.

The Old Fire. Once inside, however, there were 52 more steps to be negotiated. To spare the old man's pride and health together, the city fathers of Aachen had herded the 300 invited guests into the au-



ADENAUER & GUEST AT AACHEN
Once again, a grand alliance.

International

still has a long way to go to make up for its first year.

Against this depressing performance needs to be put the most important political fact in Germany today: the country's continuing prosperity. Last week the Federal Labor Office reported only 634,000 unemployed in a labor force of 17 million. Beside the fact of prosperity, all other impulses—even the impulse for reunifying the country—are subsidiary, for which everyone can be grateful.

Churchill the Provocative

For a brief span of years in the 6th century, through a combination of armed might and wisdom, the Frankish King Charlemagne succeeded in establishing a measure of unity in war-torn Europe. Last week, 1,142 years after Charlemagne's burial in Aix-la-Chapelle (the German city of Aachen), Sir Winston Churchill journeyed to Aachen to accept its Charlemagne Prize* for his own efforts to promote European understanding.

ditorium ahead of Sir Winston, then, discreetly sealing the staircase from prying eyes, had the great guest carried up by four city firemen.

Facing a battery of microphones, Sir Winston managed to summon up a spark of the old fire, audaciously talked of making Russia a partner with NATO. His audience was more startled than inflamed. "A new question," said Churchill, "has been raised by the recent Russian repudiation of Stalin. If it is sincere, we have a new Russia to deal with, and I do not see myself why the new Russia should not join in the spirit of this solemn agreement. In a true Unity of Europe, Russia must have her part. I was glad to see that Poland was already not unaffected by the changes in Russian outlook [see below]. It may be that other changes will follow: Czechoslovakia may recover her freedom. Above all, Germany will be reunited.

"We should be rash and blameworthy were we to attempt to solve the problem of European unity by any violent stroke. The only unity that might come might be a unity of ashes and death."

"Equally, it would be fatal for NATO

* An illuminated document bound in red calf, a medallion on a ribbon, and \$1,100 in cash.

now to relax and let apathy overtake what has been achieved." Nevertheless, in the long run, "our main theme of salvation should be the Grand Alliance of the European powers, linked with Canada and the U.S. The spirit of this arrangement should not exclude Russia and the Eastern European states. It may well be that the great issues which perplex us could then be solved more easily than they can by rival blocs confronting each other with suspicion and hostility. That is for the future."

It is certainly no salvation for the present, said West Germany's Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano next day. He and the Adenauer administration are having trouble enough to meet their minimum obligations to NATO in the prevailing apathy. Until the Russian changes prove more trustworthy, he indicated, it is premature to let wolves into the same pen with the sheep.

POLAND

Pinhole Protest

*There are Polish apples unobtainable
by Polish children . . .
there are boys forced to lie,
there are girls forced to lie,
there are people who are blackened
and spat at,
there are people who are robbed in
the streets . . .
by thieves for whom legal definitions are
sought,
there are people waiting for papers . . .
there are people waiting for justice,
. . . we appeal for locks that fit the
door,
for rooms with windows,
for walls which do not rot,
for contempt for papers,
for a holy human time
for a safe return home . . .*

When a Polish Communist poet (Adam Wazyk) can publish such eloquent and disturbing words in a Polish Communist journal, something is afoot in Communist Poland.

Poland, the largest (pop. 26 million) of Russia's six European satellites, is in political ferment. In the past two months, nine cabinet ministers and two top justice officials have been fired from their jobs. Last week Vice Premier Jakub Berman, long regarded as Moscow's No. 1 man in Poland, resigned because of his "mistakes." Poland, stoutly Catholic, staunchly anti-Russian, has proved a hard outpost to rule.

Unforgotten Crimes. The mistakes Moscow has made in Poland date back to 1918, when Dictator Stalin liquidated almost the entire leadership of the old Polish Communist Party. The Stalin-Hitler pact, by which Germany and Russia partitioned Poland for spoils, the massacre of 10,000 Polish officers in the Katyn Forest near Smolensk in 1940, the failure of Russia to aid the underground Polish armies, and the deliberate stand-off by the Red army during the Warsaw uprising

against the Nazis in 1944, are Russian crimes which Poles do not easily forget. Nor, apparently, do Polish Communists. The recent downgrading of Stalin by Moscow's "collective leaders" has given them a golden opportunity, by joining the anti-Stalin chorus, to attack Russia. In no other satellite has anti-Stalinism been so violent or so vociferous.

Instead of cautiously downgrading the "cult of personality," the Polish Communist press has called Stalin almost every name in its considerable vocabulary of vituperation. It has accused him of murdering Polish leaders. His record as a war strategist has come in for contemptuous reappraisal, his pact with Hitler bitterly criticized, and suspicion cast on his (or Russia's) failure to help the Polish Home Army. In the course of explaining why they had not exposed the Stalin evil

was ten I ceased to believe in the hitherto sacred word Fatherland. When I was 11 I ceased to believe in God. God had proved to be an ally of the murderers of Lech. For long hours I knelt in a dark, empty church. The day finally came when the cross became to me only a piece of wood.

"A friend five years older than I gave me help. He was a Communist. These were my happiest years. I rushed from one meeting to another. I believed."

"Now I am 18. It has turned out that what my family said was true—about the cruelty of secret police investigations and about the dictatorship of Stalin. It has turned out that history was really forged. And I? I do not know how to change my soul for the fourth time without fear that it will become a rag."

Out of Hand? In party circles there was violent and (for the first time) anonymous criticism of every phase of the Communist effort. When First Party Secretary Edward Ochab warned against allowing criticism to develop into "hysteria," a young Communist replied in a letter to a newspaper that talk of hysteria was no more than an attempt to stifle criticism.

Ochab is not the only top Polish Communist to fear that relaxation of controls may be getting out of hand. Some older Communists are continually putting the brakes on; others do not agree that the past was wrong, and although they are willing to accept some changes, they are still clinging to the old line.

Jakub Berman, a onetime Stalin hatchetman, was one of the leading old-line Communists. Round-faced, quick-witted, Berman served on the Moscow end of the Polish Communist apparatus until the end of World War II, when he moved into Warsaw. Multilingual Berman lied smoothly to Western reporters in four languages, while he masterminded the ousting of Peasant Party Leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk in 1947 and the later disbanding of some 100,000 Socialists. It was not clear last week how far Berman has been downgraded, but the effect of his official firing is a victory for the younger party members.

Moscow's encouragement of anti-Stalinism, for all its unpredictability, is leading optimistic young Poles to expect many more, possibly faster and bigger, changes. The police apparatus is already less noticeable, check points on routes into Warsaw have been removed, a few passports for travel abroad are being issued, and party members are acting more humanly.

The descent from cloudland is still relative. Reported Correspondent Lewis: "Even though Polish Communists will admit in conversation that the mass of people is against the regime, they do not consider this a reason for depositing it. It is important to remember that so far ordinary Poles are not involved in the changes that are taking place. They are scarcely interested. They long ago slumped into complete apathy about the inner machinations of Communist politics and devoted their thought to the problems of



Anthony Liek
COMMUNIST BERMAN (IN 1947)
For an old hatchetman, the ox.

earlier, young Polish Communist intellectuals have self-acusingly described in detail their previous efforts to twist historical facts into the party line.

Reported *TIME*'s Correspondent Flora Lewis from Warsaw last week: "At the center of the new movement are Polish intellectuals, either Communists or sympathizers, most of them fairly young. Behind them are amorphous groups of youngsters, university students and veterans of the underground war against the Nazis, whose pent-up resentment needed only a pinhole through which to escape." Last week the pinhole threatened to become a full-sized blowhole as letters poured into newspapers from agonized young Poles describing how they now had "no foundations for believing anything." Typical was a moving letter from an 18-year-old student, Michael Bruk. Excerpts:

"When I was ten I was told that my beloved brother Lech was killed in the Warsaw uprising for a falsehood. When I



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getting food, housing and shoes. Living standards in Poland are better now than they were a year or two ago, but they are still pathetically low, and there are little prospects for any quick improvement. Until this breaking strain is eased, the majority of Poles are not likely to consider the sudden appearance of a critical press, the emergence of some liveliness in the theater, and the beginnings of debate in Parliament as being very important."

HUNGARY

Down Go the Murder Fences

One of the toughest borders to cross in all Europe is the 125-mile line between free Austria and Communist Hungary. In 1948 Hungarian Communists erected along the entire frontier a literal Iron Curtain of barbed wire in two parallel belts, each about 12 ft. high and 9 ft. deep. Between the belts they planted mines. At regular intervals they set up 10-ft. watchtowers manned by frontier police with machine guns and floodlights. Special guards with watchdogs constantly patrol the Hungarian side of the border.

This has not prevented Hungarians who hate the rule of Communist Boss Rakosi from attempting to cross into Austria. Some have tried to detonate the delicate personnel mines by driving cats in front of them. Others have laid wooden planks on the wire. Austrian authorities estimate that some 6,000 have got across safely. Of late only one in three attempts is successful, and at least 100 have been killed by mines and border guards. In the cemetery in the little border village of Deutschkreutz are buried 100 who did not make it to freedom.

Austria has made numerous protests, without effect, about what Austrians call the "murder fences." But last week Austria was astonished to receive a note from the Hungarian Foreign Office saying that within three months the entire frontier would be cleared of "border obstacles." While Austrians were speculating whether Rakosi or the Russians were responsible, squads of Hungarian soldiers began dismantling the barbed wire. A new thought occurred to the Austrians: if the Iron Curtain is really raised, how will Rakosi keep his Hungarians at home? Said Austrian Interior Minister Oskar Helmer: "Soon we will have all of Hungary in Austria."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Missing Frogman

Is Britain's frogman dead? The Admiralty said it thought he was (TIME, May 14). If he died in some underwater accident, what became of his body? Why had the Admiralty waited ten days before saying anything?

Had the frogman been spying on the Soviet cruiser and destroyers lying in Portsmouth harbor? What could he see underwater if he had been spying? Had the Russians (who brought Bulganin and

Khrushchev to England) caught the frogman and quietly taken him prisoner? Had they done him in, or had they dumped his body at sea to save embarrassment?

Furor at Home. Last week the fate of Frogman Lionel ("Buster") Crabbe, wartime hero in the Royal Navy, was giving Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden one of the most awkward times of his political career. In the House of Commons, Sir Anthony tried to dismiss the whole matter: "It would not be in the public interest to disclose the circumstances in which Commander Crabbe is presumed to have met his death." But then he added mysteriously: "I think it necessary, in the special circumstances of this case, to make it



COMMANDER CRABBE

With a splash heard round the world,

clear that what was done was done without the authority or the knowledge of Her Majesty's Ministers. Appropriate disciplinary steps are being taken."

His evasion did not dispel curiosity; it doubled it. The obvious inference was that Commander Crabbe had been employed by some secret arm of the government. Whatever the intelligence agency hoped to learn under the Soviet cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* was plainly not worth the risk of being caught at it. The furor swelled. Britain's Labor leaders had a special reason for pressing the attack. They were embarrassed by rank-and-file criticism that they had been unmanly to B. & K. at the famous dinner party (TIME, May 7) and were anxious to convict Sir Anthony of even cruder mistreatment of his guests. They threatened a motion to cut Eden's salary—a formal method of bringing a Minister's personal competence into question.

At this point the Russians got crudely into the act.

Bad Manners Abroad. Moscow radio announced that the Kremlin had sent an official note to Whitehall concerning what *Pravda* called this "shameful espionage." With a lack of diplomatic good manners, the Russians went on to quote their protest and the British reply.

This was their story: Russian seamen had spotted the frogman, wearing a black diving suit and flippers on his feet, at 7:30 one morning, floating between two Soviet destroyers. He stayed on the surface a minute or two, then dived under. The Russian admiral complained to the Portsmouth naval base commander, a rear admiral, who "categorically denied the possibility" of a British frogman in the area. "In actual fact," said Moscow, Crabbe's secret activities have since been confirmed. The Foreign Office answer was a model of stiff-lipped embarrassment: "Commander Crabbe carried out frogman tests, and, as is assumed, lost his life during these tests. His presence in the vicinity of the destroyers occurred without any permission whatever, and Her Majesty's Government express their regret at the incident."

This, while not very edifying, was more informative than Eden had been in the House of Commons. Anthony Eden had more explaining to do.

INDIA

A Possibility of Freedom

"For a woman," says an old Hindu maxim, "there is no god on earth other than her man." The most extreme form of this belief was the custom dictating that the widow fling herself on her husband's funeral pyre. Enlightened British rule put a legal end to the practice of suttee (widow-suicide), but the widow's lot has remained a poor one. Under Hindu laws, widows are not permitted to wear jewelry, bright clothing, makeup. They cannot attend wedding or birthday celebrations. Under strict laws of inheritance dating back 3,000 years, a Hindu's property is strictly entailed, passing from father to son over the generations and bypassing the women entirely. If a Hindu widow's son or grandson proves ungenerous, she has no recourse but to beg on the streets. In the rare case when a man willed to his widow some small piece of private, uninherited property, she was allowed to spend it only for "legal necessities," i.e., a holy pilgrimage or a funeral for her husband.

In 1937 the Hindus themselves passed a law permitting a widow to live on in her late husband's house, though not to sell it. In 1949 Prime Minister Nehru sponsored a bill calling for vast and sweeping reforms of the whole Hindu social code, but the bill was too sweeping to get by. Since then Nehru has been picking away at his reforms piecemeal. Last year he eased the lot of India's wives in a reformed marriage act. Last week he introduced a Hindu inheritance act designed to give wives, wid-

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ows and daughters the right to inherit family property and to dispose of it in any way they like.

The new bill, cried Hindu diehards, marks "the end of India's family system and the beginning of female rule," to which, from his seat, Nehru harrumphed: "Thinking fit for an anthropological museum." Smiling broadly at the 30 women M.P.s in India's lower House of the People, Nehru declared, "The new womanhood of India, which is growing up with all its petty faults and superficialities, is something which gives me hope for the future. I believe that if any great advances are coming to India, they will come largely through the women of India."

After 40 hours of bitter debate, the new bill passed the House unanimously. "What we now have," said Nehru's own parliamentary secretary, Mrs. Lakshmi N. Menon, speaking as a woman, "is a possibility of freedom."

UNITED NATIONS

Up to Themselves

U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld returned to his steel-and-glass international enclave on Manhattan Island last week. He came back from his mission to the Middle East reflecting, with the practiced restraint of a Swedish diplomat, a quiet satisfaction in having stopped the fighting on the Israeli-Egyptian border, but qualifying his guarded optimism for the future with a polite cautionary warning to nations outside the area.

"It is my feeling," said Hammarskjöld, "that there is a general will to peace, and that this will should be fostered and encouraged, not by attempts to impose from outside solutions to problems of vital significance to everyone in the region," but by local initiative. "If we have previously experienced chain reactions leading to a continuous deterioration of the situation, we may now have the possibility of starting a chain of reactions in the opposite direction." He told reporters that he was "not willing" to recommend any next step himself. "I feel strongly that more than ever it is in the hands of the governments of the region."

ITALY

Hope in Sardinia

Sardinia, which is like nowhere. Sardinia, which has no history, no date, no race, no offering. They say neither Romans nor Phoenicians, Greeks nor Arabs ever subdued Sardinia. It lies outside; outside the circuit of civilization.

—D. H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia*

And so it was until the Yanks came, Midway through World War II. General Eisenhower's forces crossed from North Africa to occupy the bald, sirocco-scorched island of Sardinia (pop. 950,000) as a bomber base for the invasion of southern France. They ran up against the malaria that infested the coastal marshes and that throughout history has kept invaders back and the islanders down. Thereafter,



Time Map by S. Schubert

by one of the most intensive campaigns ever waged against malaria, U.S. and Italian DDT teams banished the anopheles mosquito that had helped stunt the development of a people long accounted the smallest of Italians. Since 1950 there has not been a single new case of malaria in Sardinia.

Rocky Reform. With the end of their oldest plague, all new things have become possible for the proud, primitive islanders. Italy's ambitious, \$2 billion *Cassa del Mezzogiorno* (Fund for the South) is now transforming the rocky, scrub-covered face of Sardinia. Already the fund's associated agencies have taken over a third of the island's arable land from large holders and passed it out to peasants in 15-acre plots. By draining the old malarial swamps, the agencies are making another 185,000 acres of cropland for small holders. But the most ambitious project by far is a \$75 million complex of three dams being built to catch floodwaters which race seasonally down the Flumendosa, Sardinia's most important river, and are lost in coastal lagoons.

Besides generating 90 million kilowatts to light the houses that will dot the new green fields, the dams will divert the pent-up waters through some 900 miles of new canals and ditches to irrigate an estimated 150,000 acres of barren southern plains around the capital city of Cagliari (pop. 100,000). The 100,000 villagers now living in the area may see their present \$10-an-acre annual yield multiply eightfold, and the whole level of Sardinian farmers' life should rise to lev-

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ROUTE OF THE EAGLES

els undreamed of in the old days when most scratched out a lean living by herding (or stealing) sheep in the mountains by winter, hoeing a few acres in summer in the lowlands. After 20 centuries, Sardinia may once again win a name as Rome's granary. Already the fund's crew-cut, sports-jacketed young Italian engineers are saying that after the Flumendosa Valley is remade, underpopulated Sardinia may be able to absorb thousands of Italy's mainland unemployed.

Proud Eye. Italy's urbane, frail Premier Antonio Segni comes from Sardinia. As the father of Italy's postwar land reform (he himself surrendered 200 acres of rich olive groves outside Sassari), Premier Segni keeps a proud eye on the Sardinian transformation, and almost every Sunday without fail flies the 125 miles from Rome to his Sassari villa. The new Sardinia may do him political good, too, helping to hold his Christian Democratic pluralities on the island in Italy's nationwide municipal elections a fortnight hence.

BURMA

The Cement Jungle

In the waters outside the harbor of Rangoon, loaded ships lay at anchor. Out at sea other Rangoon-bound vessels got orders to alter course. Along Strand Road Rangoon's wharfside thoroughfare, government officials, merchants and shipping agents found themselves confronted everywhere by the cause of the distress. In warehouses, on docks, even in the port health station, thousands of bags of cement were piled high, crowding out all else and paralyzing the port. And more cement was on its way.

Burma was learning the hard way about barter deals with the Communists. Caught with a huge rice surplus and unable to sell enough of it elsewhere (the U.S. is unloading a surplus of its own), Burma sent trade delegates to Iron Curtain countries to barter. They were eager amateurs who knew little about the fine points of trade, could not even speak Russian, and had to settle for whatever exchange goods they could get. Iron Curtain countries had plenty of cement to offer: cement, the delegates figured, would surely come in handy for Burma's projected construction program. So, without consulting Rangoon, they ordered a whopping 124,000 tons of cement from Russia, Czechoslovakia and East Germany. In their enthusiasm they somehow forgot that 1) no major construction is going on in Burma now; 2) Burma produces 60% of her own cement; 3) there is not room for that much cement in Rangoon.

Some 50,000 tons have already arrived in the port, and ships are standing offshore with more, waiting for berths. Rangoon's ordinary shipping trade has all but halted, and demurrage charges are mounting at the rate of \$4,200 a day. Soon harbor authorities will face an even worse problem. With the beginning of the monsoon season, the steady downpour of rain will wet much of the uncovered cement and convert it into solid mass.



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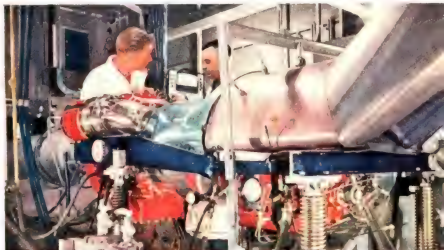
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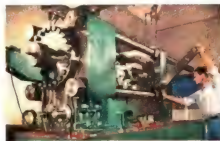
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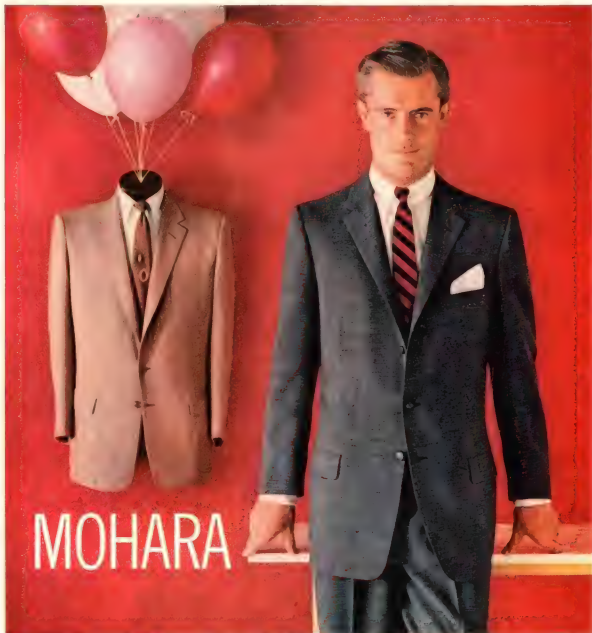
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THE AMERICAS

Bargain Living

"I took some friends to Au Bee Fin, an excellent French restaurant, and a four-course luncheon cost less than \$1 a person," the wife of a U.S. businessman who lives in Buenos Aires reported last week. "Movies at five cents, sugar at a penny a pound—if Americans would like the fine, careless rapture of living in 1956 with such items on their budgets, all they have to do is to take the next plane to Bolivia," a U.S. woman wrote from Cochabamba. With the forces of exchange legalization, runaway inflation and currency liberation variously at work, dollar-earners in South America were finding many bargains—along with some sudden price rises.

Cheep Beer. In Argentina, post-Perón devaluation of the official rate of the peso has forced its value on the free market, legalized after the September revolution, from around 30 to a current of 36. Thus traded, a dollar will buy such bargains as a platter-size steak with a bottle of wine, or five pints of good Córdoba beer, or admission to seven first-run movies or a ten-mile ride in a taxi. A rent of \$300 a month gets a country house with a swimming pool and big garden.

In dollar-starved Bolivia, the free rate of exchange has slid to 6,800 bolivianos to the dollar, and local price inflation, though high, has not kept up. Result: anyone paid in dollars can buy beef filets for 11¢ a lb., rice for 2¢ a lb., gasoline for 5¢ a gal., cooking oil 4¢ a qt. A maid's salary runs from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a month; an average taxi ride costs 5¢—no tip expected.

Dear Wine. In Chile, by contrast, dollar-earners have recently suffered a setback. Freed to find its own rate (TIME, April 23), the peso is hovering around 480 to the dollar; the free market has wiped out an earlier, limited trading in scarce "tourist dollars" at more than 600. The peso's comeback, plus last year's inflation (now checked), has pushed the price of a bottle of *gran vino*, for example, from 25¢ to \$1 for dollar earners. Brazil's *cruzeiro* has been slipping steadily on the limited free market, but local price inflation has kept step, and only the country's famed gem stones are real bargains. In Peru, too, local prices have mostly caught up with the 1949 devaluation, but \$60 to \$80 a month will still rent a five-room apartment in a good Lima suburb.

Despite currency shifts, South America is still not the tourist bargain that it seemingly should be; too many of the hotels, guides, shops and agencies have learned to think and sometimes even charge in dollars. And imported goods that are bought with dollars, such as Scotch whisky and U.S. cigarettes, are likely to run high. But for the dug-in, dollar-earning resident or the expert traveler who can track the real bargains down, good living can come cheerfully cheap.

CHILE

The Scandalous Priest

When Felix Berrios, the Bishop of San Felipe, added up in his mind the scandals touched off by the parish priest of Catapilco, they made an astonishing total.

There was, for a starter, the charge of threatened arson. One night not long after Padre Antonio Zamorano took over the parish in 1942, his flock, mostly peasants who lived and worked on neighboring estates, came to the church in tearful anger. A landlord, annoyed by one of his farm-



Poncho Silvestre

PADRE ZAMORANO

You can't pray on an empty stomach.

hand tenants, had refused to pay any of them for their work that week. The priest, whose life until then had been the unhurried existence of a Catholic school-teacher of algebra, Latin and Greek, was shocked. "Is weeping all you propose to do?" he roared at his parishioners. "Let's teach that man a lesson." He thereupon organized a torchlight parade that marched round and round the landlord's house. The landlord paid the wages, but he called the parade a threat of arson.

Dancing in the Churchyard. After that the landlords gave less and less to Padre Zamorano's church, and that led to the incident of the gambling party. Right in the churchyard, the peasants played roulette, held a raffle, drank wine and danced; Padre Zamorano himself pounded the piano and sang. The proceeds, fortunately, were substantial and went to support Catapilco's school, founded by Zamorano.

Later there was the case of assault—the day the priest, armed with a hammer, chased a quack healer out of town. And a case of battery—the day Zamorano beat up a knife-brandishing thug. Worst of all, there was a political scandal.

It seemed to Padre Zamorano that the main problem of his flock was its poverty, which he blamed on the 15¢-a-day wages paid by the landlords. "The villagers cannot pray on an empty stomach," he insisted, and he sought a political solution. He persuaded his parishioners not to sell their votes to the landlords and urged them to register. At length his advice caught on. Last March Catapilco's people picked a peasants' candidate to represent the village on the township council. The candidate's name: Padre Zamorano.

Victory at the Polls. Stridently, the landlords appealed to the bishop. "That priest is a social agitator," said Daniel Perez, whose family has held the same land since the Spanish conquest. The bishop took heed. "If you run as a candidate, you will be suspended," he warned the priest. Zamorano—torn between his superior and his backers—decided to run. He won, last month, by 196 to 8.

"Zamorano is a very good man," the bishop admitted, but his warning was no idle threat. Last week the people of Catapilco held an angry testimonial meeting to back Zamorano; then, even angrier, they staged a one-day protest strike. The governor had to send ten fully armed *carabineros* to keep order. All protest failed. Padre Zamorano was duly dismissed as parish priest of Catapilco. But he stayed on as the village's elected councilman.

CANADA

Pipeline Filibuster

Another angry debate broke out in Ottawa last week on the issue of U.S. investment in Canada (TIME, April 30). It was touched off by a government measure, introduced in Parliament, to lend up to \$80 million to Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, Ltd., a company more than 80% owned and controlled by U.S. gas and oil interests headed by Texas Millionaire Clint Murchison. The loan is to be used to build the first leg (Alberta to Winnipeg) of a long-delayed transcontinental natural-gas pipeline.

Opposition Tory and C.C.F. (Socialist) parties, which have been accusing the Liberal government of giving too much leeway to U.S. investors, reacted angrily to the proposal to lend tax funds to a U.S.-controlled firm. Both parties immediately launched a filibuster to delay the bill. The government's main reason for backing the U.S. firm is that Trans-Canada has pipe and equipment on hand to begin work immediately. A national election is expected next year, and the Canadian public, the Liberals believe, is more interested in seeing the long-stalled pipeline built than in worrying about the nationality of the builders.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Peppery old (71) Socialist **Norman Thomas** sounded off in Houston. On free enterprise: "All the recent business mergers and consolidations make absurd the old-line talk of free enterprise. The only free enterprise in America today is small boys who shoot marbles for keeps." On the **Kelly-Rainier** merger: "If Grace had married the mayor of Las Vegas, she wouldn't have had to produce a son to keep the place going."

At a sizzling swing concert in Britain 23 years ago, Trumpeter **Louis** ("Satchmo") **Armstrong** recalls, he interrupted himself to roll his eyes toward a royal box and rasp: "This one's for you, Rex!" Rex, better known as **King George V**, was jolted but amused, despite the protocol that bars entertainers from referring to royalty in the audience—let alone addressing them directly. Last week, cavalier as ever about protocol, Satchmo did it again. Beaming at a \$3.50 orchestra seat in London's cavernous Empress Hall, Armstrong growled: "Now we are going to jump one for one of our special fans. We're gonna lay one on for the Princess!" Grinning happily, **Princess Margaret** hugged her knees. Armstrong's cats then blared the *Makopany Hall Stamp*, a jazz classic celebrating a famous turn-of-the-century New Orleans bordello that boasted an octoroon madame with a red wig and the only white piano in town. When the echoes died away, Margaret exclaimed: "Wonderful night!"

Back from their fortnight honeymoon in the Bahamas, New York **Timesman** **Clifton Daniel** and his bride, **Margaret**

Truman Daniel, played it plain, set a refreshingly unobtrusive tone for their future public appearances. Said **Cliff Daniel** to fellow newsmen at New York International Airport: "We're an old married couple now, and we're not news any more." Asked if she plans to step back into radio and TV stardom, the girl from Missouri replied: "As long as it doesn't interfere with my husband's career."

Between chukkers of a polo game played at Windsor Great Park, Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II** had a word with her hard-riding husband, the **Duke of Edinburgh**, while **Prince Charles** and **Princess Anne** stood by. Later touring Devonshire, the Queen and her consort had a close scrape when a roadside thron-



QUEEN ELIZABETH & FAMILY
Close to a scrape.

pressing forward to see the royal pair, toppled a badly anchored 20-ft. flagpole across the highway only a moment after the Queen's open car had passed the spot.

After nearly half a century of making a comedy of sex while some other business ladies were making it a commodity, billowy Sexagenarian **Mae West**, heavily flanked by a troupe of gorgeous muscle men, undulated about Manhattan's flesh-flaunting Latin Quarter nightclub, but between acts, in her dressing room, proved to be as unpretentious as anybody's grandma. Bedeviled by censorship in her earlier days, playwright West (*Sex, Pleasure Man*) is now, strangely, all for watchdogs over public morality: "Why, if it wasn't for censors, there'd be more and more wickedness on the stage, and finally complete depravity. Shocking!"

Sportsman **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt**, 43, multimillionaire owner of one of the top U.S. racing stables, confirmed Man-



JEANNE VANDERBILT & CHILDREN
Slightly toward the negative.

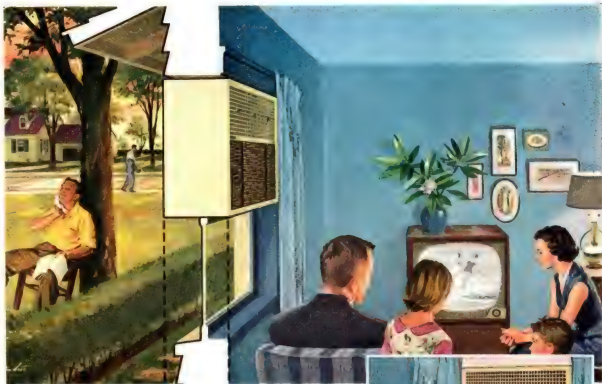
hattan café scuttlebutt that he and his high-styled wife were legally separated last January. Of pretty **Jeanne Lourdes Murray Vanderbilt**, 33, his elopement bride (second wife) in 1945, a friend once observed: "She can take race horses or let them alone—with a slight drift toward the latter." The rift, however, seemed no choose-me-or-your-horses affair: Vanderbilt announced that he will sell 37 of his 41 thoroughbreds next week. Herself an heiress, sad-faced Jeanne, mother of two of Vanderbilt's three children, Heidi, 7, Alfred Jr. ("Butchie"), 6, said: "I want . . . a reconciliation."

Boston's ex-Mayor **James Michael Curley**, 81, was indignant when Edwin O'Connor's best-selling novel *The Last Hurrah* (TIME, Feb. 13) first hit the bookstalls, had his lawyer sniff through its pages for the scent of libel. By last week, however, Old Pol Curley had not only failed to sue but had come around to loving *Hurrah's* every word, reported Columnist Doris Flessen. He revels in the late-life glory unexpectedly brought him by his fictional counterpart, Old Pol Frank Skeffington, the book's improper Bostonian hero. Said Newshen Flessen: "He grandly refers to himself . . . as Skeffington, protesting, however, that O'Connor gave him a Nova Scotian Irish, not a Boston Irish name." In Massachusetts' recent presidential primary, 161 Bostonians cast write-in ballots for Skeffington as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Vastly flattered, National Democratic Committeeman Curley lays claim to these votes, points out that a vote for Frank is obviously a vote for Jim. Curley, dazzled by *Hurrah's* popularity, is also trying to interest publishers in his very own autobiography. But so far he has found no takers—possibly because a *Last Hurrah* for Frank is so indubitably a *Last Hurrah* for Jim.



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RELIGION

Funerals for Health

Funerals are getting weepier, and a good thing, too, according to the executive secretary of the National Funeral Directors Association. Speaking in Milwaukee to the 75th annual convention of the Wisconsin Funeral Directors Association, Howard C. Raether said that the trend is now away from the cut-and-dried "memorial service" and back toward more ceremonial funerals. "Sociologists, clergymen and psychologists point out the therapy a funeral service provides for the survivors," said Raether.

The therapy: realization that the deceased is really dead and gone, outlet for a grief that otherwise will be unhealthy bottled up, a chance to talk out one's feelings. "You, as funeral directors," said Secretary Raether proudly, "have been providing this valuable help with the clergymen with whom you serve . . . a service which has taken on the new significance of contributing to the mental health of our country."

The Spinning Tops

A U.S. bluejacket staggered through the thick odor and the rude sounds of the old port of Naples. A ragged urchin tugged and chanted at him: "You wanna girl, mister? I gotta my sister for you. Come on, Joe! Cheap!" the sailor pulled away, then slumped drunkenly to the sidewalk. Mouse-quick, the eight-year-old tried to grab the sailor's wallet, but the sailor weakly pushed him away. Unable to roll the man, the urchin sped away to sell him: in Naples bigger urchins pay 500 lire, perhaps 1,000 lire, for news of a likely victim to beat up and rob.

The young pimps, pickpockets and purse snatchers of Naples are called *scugnizzi*, from *scugnare*, which means to spin like a top. Aged anywhere from six to 20, they live in the streets, watching each other with hard, wary eyes, and working whenever they can—as lookouts for burglars, messengers for black marketeers and smugglers, cigarette-butt snipers* and racketeers of all kinds. On any night there may be thousands of them on the prowl. When the police catch them red-handed, they serve a term in the reformatory, or are taken home to their parents (if any) and are back on the streets again next day. But one man in Naples catches the *scugnizzi* in a different kind of net.

Concealed Weapons. Blond, blue-eyed Father Mario Borelli, 35, son of a Neapolitan sheet-metal worker, began his ministry in 1945 preaching to factory workers. Four years later, assigned to the city's youth, he got permission to use Naples' 500-year-old, bomb-blasted Church of Mater Dei as a meeting place. He set up an organization of young workers, but the youth that interested him most were the *scugnizzi*.

The *scugnizzi*, however, were about as

interested in talking to a priest as to a policeman. Young Father Borelli decided that he would have to go underground. He took off his cassock, donned a dirty cap, jacket and trousers, and slipped into the jungle of Naples at night. "I was afraid," he admits.

At a Salvation Army bread line he joined a knot of *scugnizzi* for a handout, then drifted off with them. Suddenly a big teen-ager turned on him and snapped: "Who are you?" "What do you want?" countered Father Borelli. The leader ordered: "Take your hands out of your pockets!" "Why?" asked the priest. The *scugnizzo* lunged forward with a razor, and Father Borelli removed his hands. Thus he learned a *scugnizzo* rule: concealed hands mean concealed weapons.

He made friends by talking about

and entered with him. The surprised custodian, alert to the secret, fed Father Borelli bread and jam with the others, even though this breaking of the fast after midnight kept him from saying Mass the next morning. "This seems like a movie to me," he whispered as he passed the food around.

That night of the provisionally forgotten key was the beginning of a tide of hungry, hard-bitten little boys that has flowed into Mater Dei ever since. At last, one day Father Borelli felt sure enough of success to walk among the *scugnizzi* in his clerical robes. No one recognized him until he produced a snapshot of himself dressed as a *scugnizzo*. First they gaped in astonishment, then they crowded in to touch his habit and kiss his hand.

Handle with Love. Some 200 boys have graduated from Mater Dei's clean dormitories and affectionate supervision to



FATHER BORELLI & FRIENDS
The door was opened by a forgotten key.

Block Star

America. "All *scugnizzi* dream of going to America," he says. "Everybody in Naples does." Gradually he overcame their distrust, spent night after night huddled with them on bakery gratings. "When they rolled drunks or practiced immorality," he says, "I simply indicated indifference." In the cold dawn he would splash his face in street fountains before returning to his daylight duties (which included teaching 14 classes a week at a Roman Catholic college in Naples).

"Like a Movie." Gradually he began to pass the word along that there was a shelter in the Church of Mater Dei, but the suspicious *scugnizzi* gave it a wide berth. Late one winter night he watched sadly as a group of three *scugnizzi* stripped a drunk to the skin, then he plodded off, muttering aloud: "I'm going to Mater Dei to get out of the cold." When he arrived at the church he fumbled wearily in his pockets; he had forgotten his key. He hammered with his hands upon the door. The custodian opened it at last; three *scugnizzi* emerged from the shadows

steady jobs and marriage, or back to their families. "Actually, we can't offer them as much materially as they can win for themselves on the streets," says Mario Borelli. "So why do they come to this church, and why do they stay? It is very simple. *Scugnizzi* are not animals. They are humans, and instinctively feel that animal life is wrong."

Today there are 80 boys in Father Borelli's shelter, and he knows that there would be many more if he had room for them. He is confident that there soon will be room; last week he rejoiced at the news that Naples' church and civil authorities had granted permission for him to move his shelter out of the slums and up to a site he has picked out on Capo di Monte, which overlooks the city.

"Now we are really on our way," said Mario Borelli. "We began with nothing, and we got this far—I know we'll be able to raise enough money to go all the way. We'll get them all off the streets and back into human society. Children will always go to open arms and open hearts."

* The current price for butts: \$1.09 per lb.



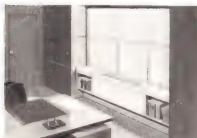
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TIME, MAY 21, 1956

The Minister at Work

Out of U.S. Protestant seminaries each spring the fledgling ministers come, eager for service and responsibility as God's men in the world. What happens then? An explicit answer came last week from Sociologist Samuel W. Blizzard Jr. of Pennsylvania State University, who gave the Greater Pittsburgh Ministerial Union a preliminary report on a 2½-year, \$40,000 survey, financed from the Russell Sage Foundation. Subject of the survey: the requirements of the modern ministry.

With an eleven-page questionnaire, Professor Blizzard examined 346 ministers, balanced as to location, education and denomination. Their average age was 46.8; their average term with their parish was almost eight years. Some of his findings:

¶ The average minister apportions 38% of his time to administration, 26% to pastoral duties, 19% as a preacher and priest, 12% as organizer, 5% as teacher.

¶ Most ministers had what Sociologist Blizzard calls a "theological concept" of the church. Of these, 37% were "individualistic" ("The church is the place where an individual has a personal experience with God"), and 33% were "sacramental" ("The church is the mediator of God's grace"). Thirty percent held a "communal" view of the church ("We are a fellowship of believers").

¶ Most frequent theme for sermons (66%) was man's spiritual obligation to God; 51% cited sermons devoted to "the works of the Deity," 44% to the value of religion to society, 23% to the value of religion to the individual.

¶ Thirty-six percent feel that they need more time for reading, study and private devotions (the daily average: an hour and 38 minutes). But almost 28% feel that a minister should be an "outer-directed person" or "radiant personality." Most galling problem of ministers (29%) was a sense of not living up "to the calling." Eleven percent were bothered by conflicts—"study v. out-with-the-people," "oil-machinery v. essential work."

¶ Despite their avowed desire to know all kinds of people, ministers tend to associate with leaders of the community. Their effectiveness as churchmen is impaired, more than a third of them reported, by this failure "to maintain fellowship with all groups" and by the difficulty of "loving people . . ."

Buddha's 2,500th

Throughout the villages and cities of Southeast Asia, millions are preparing this week for a celebration that will be a landmark in their lives—the 2,500th anniversary of the death of the Buddha, founder of a religion followed by perhaps a fifth of the world's population.*

In Burma, almost the entire air time of

* Buddhists in Thailand, Cambodia and Laos go by a slightly different calendar, will celebrate the 2,500th anniversary next year. Buddhists in China, Japan and Korea, forming the large Mahayana branch of the religion, go by a vastly different calendar, mark this year as the 2,683rd anniversary.



*europe
and platypuses,
too!..*

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Ω OMEGA

The Watch the World has Learned to Trust

the Burma Broadcasting Service was devoted last week to news of the celebration, and the air force was alerted to drop leaflet notices all over the country. The government of Buddhist Premier U Nu planned to reduce all prison sentences by six months to two years, and to commute all death sentences to 20-year terms. Animals and birds awaiting slaughter will be released, and slaughterhouses, fish markets and butcher-shops will be closed. More than 100,000 Burmese will make a pilgrimage to Rangoon, where 2,500 young men will be ordained to the Buddhist priesthood.

In Colombo, Ceylon, workers had rushed to install a \$1,500,000 diesel generator to handle the extra current needed for the strings of lights festooning almost every building, and some 50 flat-bed trucks were converted into illuminated floats depicting scenes from Buddha's life—a blazing caravan that will tour the entire island. In Kandy, famed as the site of a temple containing Buddha's tooth, a parade of elephants will carry the tooth, in its casket, through the town, and thousands of beggars will be fed and clothed in honor of the occasion.

To the blare of conch shells, India's Prime Minister Nehru (Hindu by birth and agnostic by practice) will lay the cornerstone of a Buddhist monument in New Delhi. But India's principal celebrations will take place in four sacred places: Lumbini, where Buddha was born; Bodhi Gaya, where he achieved enlightenment; Sarnath, where he preached his first sermon; Kushinara, where he died.

The Noble Four & Eight. Buddha was born Gautama, the prince, son of a rajah who gave him palaces, slaves, dancing girls, every kind of beauty and pleasure. One day, on a forbidden ride outside the palace grounds, he encountered four persons: an old man, an ill man, a dead man and an ascetic. Profoundly troubled by this look at reality, 29-year-old Gautama one night took silent leave of his sleeping wife and son and rode off.

Deep in a forest he met two hermits, with whom he practiced contemplation, until he saw that it led nowhere. Then he attached himself to five ascetics and fasted, until "when I touched my belly I felt my backbone through it." But this, too, proved a spiritual dead end, and at last, after six years of experiment, he sat down beneath a Bodhi tree at Bodhi Gaya in northeastern India and determined not to move until he had plumbed the secret of existence. After 49 days it came—what Buddhists call The Enlightenment. "I knew," said Buddha, "rebirth has been destroyed, the higher life has been led; what had to be done has been done. I have no more to do with this world."

Buddhism evolved out of the complex faith and practice of Hinduism. The Hindu idea that each man leads life after life on an endlessly turning wheel of suffering determined by one's past actions (karma) was assumed by Buddha. The way to escape the turning, he taught, was a practical procedure, uncluttered by theology, liturgy or a pantheon of gods; what held



GAUTAMA, THE BUDDHA⁶
At the end is nirvana.

one to the wheel was the ever-changing attraction and repulsion that the self experiences for the things and happenings of the world; the resolute practice of detachment on the one hand, and heightened awareness on the other, could set one free.

Buddha epitomized the human situation in the Four Noble Truths: 1) suffering is universal, 2) the cause of suffering is desire, 3) the cure is the elimination of desire, 4) desire can be eliminated by following the Noble Eightfold Path. The Path: 1) Right knowledge, 2) Right intention, 3) Right speech, 4) Right conduct, 5) Right livelihood, 6) Right effort, 7) Right mindfulness, 8) Right concentration. At the end is nirvana. But Buddha, who talked not at all of God, refused ever to go into details about what is meant by nirvana. His dying words underlined his emphasis on human effort rather than on grace or magic: "Work out your salvation with diligence."

In a Cave. This week in Rangoon, 500 monks chanted through the list of 1,600 hours of reciting aloud the 14,804 pages of the *Ti Pitakas*,⁷ the Buddhist scriptures. They sat in a "cave"—a vast jumble of rough boulders on the outside, and a blue, gold and scarlet auditorium within (capacity: 15,000), which was built by Burma's devout Premier U Nu to house the Sixth Buddhist World Council (Time, June 7, 1954). The council has been going on for two years in this facsimile of a real cave (where the first council was held in 483 B.C.). The monks' chant will end next week on Visakha, the day of the full moon that denotes the end of the 2,500th year since Buddha died at the age of 80.

⁶ Great bronze statue at Kamakura, Japan.

⁷ "The Three Baskets": 1) Vinaya, the monks' rule of discipline, 2) Sutta, sermons, commentaries and parables, 3) Abhidhamma, metaphysics, psychology and philosophy.



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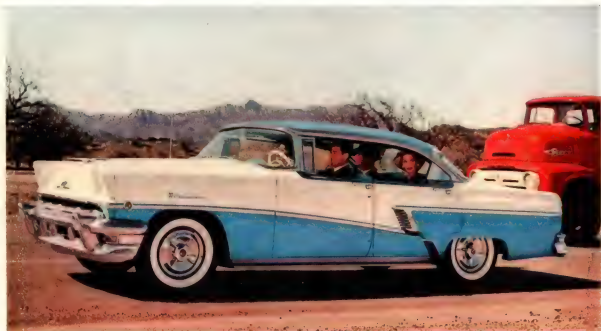
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SCIENCE

Vertijet

A favorite dream of airplane designers is a VTOL (vertical take-off and landing) that will leap into the air like a helicopter, fly as fast as a jet interceptor, and land vertically. Helicopters cannot be upgraded to do this job; they are inherently too slow. The Navy's "Pogo" (Convair XFV-1) takes off and lands vertically, but it has propellers and therefore can never fly as fast as a jet. Many other types have been tried (movable wings, swiveled engines, folding rotors), but none of them show promise of matching the designers' dream.

Rising Ratio. The ideal VTOL may come into being through the continuous improvement of jet engines. Research Engineer Earl R. Hinz of Ryan Aeronautical Co. points out that when the static thrust of an airplane's engines exceeds the airplane's weight, a vertical take-off is possible—at least in theory. Apparently no operational jet plane has such thrust at present, but the ratio of thrust to weight—even with the low-power figures still published by the security-morbid U.S. Department of Defense—is climbing rapidly. For the F-86 Sabre jet the ratio is four to ten. For the British Gloster Javelin it is six to ten. For the newest U.S. interceptor, the Lockheed F-104A, it is about eight to ten. Only 25% more thrust (or less weight) would theoretically free the F-104A from take-off runs. This is so close, says Hinz, that a true jet VTOL should not be far away.

Hinz has reason to know, because Ryan has built the only serious jet plane designed for vertical take-off. Financed by the Air Force, Ryan started by testing an almost bare jet engine in a concrete cell, where it rose and fell like a captive balloon. Gradually Ryan added the wings and other makings of a real airplane, and shipped the result last summer to Edwards Air Force Base in the Mojave Desert for flight testing.

Secret VTOL. Nothing has been released about Ryan's X-13 "Vertijet" which is still a highly classified project. But the technical public got a quick look at it when it was shipped to Edwards, carefully wrapped (*see cut*). Airplane-industry gossip has been swapping bits of information about it ever since.

The X-13 is a small delta wing with a fuselage about 30 ft. long. It now has conventional landing gear for test purposes, but is designed as a "tail-sitter" (sitting on its tail on take-off). When rising or hovering in the vertical position, it probably depends for control on outboard thrust outlets taking power from the engine or supplied with gas by small rockets. Some of the gossips believe that the X-13 will never try to land on its tail—a stunt that is still not easy for the less critical, propeller-driven Pogo. Instead, they think, it will hover near the ground, nose upward, and then slowly move under an overhead framework, from which it



Ted Low—San Diego Union

RYAN JET VTOL HEADED FOR EDWARDS A.F.B.
Up like a balloon down like a bat.

will suspend itself like a bat landing on a roof of a cave.

Up to the beginning of this month, the X-13 had not taken off or landed vertically. It has taken off many times, however, in the old-fashioned way, and Test Pilot Pete Girard is feeling out, at safe altitudes, its ability to hover nose up and to rise and descend vertically.

A successful vertical take-off, transition to horizontal flight, and vertical landing may be kept secret for a considerable time after it has been accomplished. It would be of considerable military importance. Modern high-performance jet interceptors need so much runway for take-

off and landing that they cannot be used from temporary or improvised fields. So an enemy knows just where to expect them. Vertijets, which could take off from almost any lot, from inside a high-walled enclosure or perhaps from a bombproof underground tank, would break air power's dependence on old-fashioned bases and put jet interceptors where they are not expected.

Absent-Minded Professor

In the first-level restaurant of the Eiffel Tower, high above the rooftops of Paris, 200 guests gathered last week to honor a hero of aviation. Dr. Theodore von Kármán, who had reached his 75th birthday. The guest list read like a bluebook of aviation, and most of the guests, now generals, admirals, statesmen or heads of corporations, had known and admired Von Kármán and his eccentric genius for decades. Without the principles of aerodynamics that he discovered, they could not be building or flying high-speed modern aircraft.

Born in Budapest in 1881, Scholar von Kármán was an assistant professor at the Royal Technical University in 1903, when the Wright brothers made their first flight. Nine years later he was head of the newly organized Aeronautical Institute at Germany's University of Aachen. In 1928 he took a research job at Caltech, settled there permanently in 1930, became a U.S. citizen in 1936.

Vortex Trail. As World War II came near, Von Kármán turned more and more to military design. As adviser to the U.S. Army Air Forces, he worked on jet engines, rocket motors, high-speed wind tunnels. Most of his work was theoretical. The principles that bear his name (e.g., the Kármán Vortex Trail, the Kármán double-modulus theory of columns) have no meaning for laymen (or for most armies), but modern aerodynamics is based solidly on them.

When asked to talk about Von Kármán, air scientists are often at a loss to



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explain his abstruse theories, but they never lack affectionate anecdotes about the man himself. Never did a genius act more like a genius. Von Kármán speaks at least seven languages, but his English carries a heavy load of Hungarian accent. When he used to lecture in the classroom, he supplemented speech with intricate gestures. He often wore a black silk cape and was never without a handkerchief, which he twisted, pulled or even chewed during moments of stress.

Von Kármán is the model absent-minded professor. After he returns from a long trip, dozens of hats that he has lost dribble back by mail. During the war he was followed around by a special functionary whose duty it was to pick up secret documents that Von Kármán left in taxis or hotel lobbies. He is never conscious of traffic; he crosses the most dangerous highway as if it were a country lane. His driving is as famous as his absent-mindedness. A friend once suggested that he get three smashed fenders fixed. "Not yet," said Von Kármán. He was waiting until he smashed the fourth.

Von Kármán smoked powerful cigars until the doctors made him stop, and his ability to drink without apparent effect is much admired by colleagues. Slivovitz (plum brandy) plays an essential part in his scientific reasoning. "First," explains a colleague, "comes the articulation of the problem, then the complexities of it, then disagreements, then Slivovitz."

Marx Approach. Von Kármán never married, but this does not mean that he ignored women. At parties, explains a Caltech professor, he always took "the Harpo Marx approach. He'd walk into a room, glance around for the most attractive woman in the place and make a bee-line for her." When he got there, his Hungarian charm took effect. (His favorite definition of a Hungarian: "A man who goes into a revolving door behind you and comes out ahead.")

During most of his life Von Kármán lived with his sister Josephine (Pipő), who acted as his secretary and protector. When she died five years ago, his friends feared that he would never recover from the shock. He managed to make an adjustment, and in 1952, when he was 70, Von Kármán became chairman of AGARD (Advisory Group for Aeronautical Research and Development), set up by NATO on his recommendation. Its job is to review advances in aeronautical science for application to the defense problems of the Western nations, and Von Kármán, with his many languages, eminence and friendship with everyone in the field, is perhaps the only man alive who could make the thing work.

Ace has cut down on his Slivovitz, but not his sense of humor, and his eyes still light up at the sight of a pretty woman. His brain works as well as ever. Summing up his long experience, he contrasts the habits of U.S. and European science. "In the U.S.," he says, "we concentrate on 'know-how.' In Europe they work on 'think-how.' Each needs a little of the other's approach."

"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



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SUPER-TV GIVES PILOT WITH DAYLIGHT BRIGHT

On a black, moonless night, recently, U. S. Airmen flying over the Wright Air Development Center at Dayton, Ohio, saw ground installations with daylight brightness. They saw by means of a new optical amplifier, conceived by the Aeronautical Research Laboratory, and popularly known as "Cat Eye." It greatly intensifies light which is always present but unseeable by the human eye.

Westinghouse has been asked to perfect the key transducer for this amazing electronic instrument, already 1,000 times more sensitive than a television camera.

Results have been achieved by Westinghouse which were considered hardly possible by other companies. Westinghouse was a logical choice. For nearly eight years, the X-ray Image Intensifier, invented by Westinghouse, has been lifting the horizon of sight. With it, doctors can see clearly what goes on inside the body—the heart beating, food being swallowed, lungs breathing.

In fact, modern radio and television were born at Westinghouse. No one ever heard an officially scheduled broadcast until Westinghouse radioed the Harding-Co-



perfected for the U. S. Air Force will enable pilots to see in the dark with daylight brightness. Pilots view the ground on a TV screen.

PICTURES OF GROUND NESS ON DARKEST NIGHT

election returns in 1920. No one ever saw all-electronic television until Westinghouse staged a five-mile telecast in the late 20's.

Last year Westinghouse produced the first 22-inch all-glass, rectangular, shadow-mask color TV tube, the most advanced in the industry. Now Westinghouse experience will help to improve the "Cat Eye" system so that U. S. airplanes can see at night.

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THE PRESS

Bachelor in the Kitchen

The Honolulu *Advertiser's* Bob Krauss is a seasoned journalistic stunt man and the best-read columnist in Hawaii. Once, to test the legendary hospitality of Hawaiians, he walked for a week around the island of Oahu carrying no money, food or blankets, yet was well fed and housed. Krauss's latest stunt grew out of a column in the *Advertiser* (circ. 68,548) in which he twitted housewives who complain about their hard work "so their husbands will feel guilty enough to do the dishes." When a reader challenged him to try his own hand at the job, Newsman Krauss, a 32-year-old bachelor, agreed to take it

a child. I had one weekend to get ready for four."

Readers got the story of Krauss's five days of housekeeping (6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.) in his column each morning. Alongside, the *Advertiser* ran Mrs. Dion's version—which often differed. Krauss's first report began on a confident note: "There really isn't much to it. Running a house and taking care of four children takes about the same amount of stamina and nervous energy as jerking sodas." When children get out of bounds. Krauss counseled readers, spank them. (With their parents' consent, he did.) A few things went awry, e.g., little Melina sprayed milk over the windows Krauss had just washed,



COLUMNIST KRAUSS & CHARGES
Let them howl.

on, and 30 mothers offered their house-holds and broods for the experiment.

Krauss deliberately chose a tough spot. Said he: "I was warned not to take a family with all preschool kids because they would wear me out. But I did. I also knew that suspicious women would watch to see whether I picked a home with a Deep-freeze, mangle, maid and easy appliances, so I didn't. He chose the home of Mrs. Norman Dion, 31, wife of a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard, and mother of Susan, 4, Sally, 3, Melina, 20 months, and Ned, 6 months.

Like Jerking Sodas. Bob Krauss, the second youngest of seven children in Kansas, had never cooked, changed a diaper, made up a feeding formula, or burped a baby. Before taking over Patience Dion's chores, he spent a day watching her performance, gaining the children's confidence and taking copious notes. "I had to have a dry run," he explained. "Most women have nine months to get ready for

but he fed the family, bathed the baby, made the beds, did laundry and read fairy tales to the children. Reported Mrs. Dion by phone to the city desk: "He did last the entire day, and there was no blood on any of the children, so I'm happy. I figure it took me two hours to clean things up—no, don't say that—to replace things."

The second day produced another assured column from Krauss. Reported Mrs. Dion: "Susan's hair hasn't been combed since Monday."

Nose Dive. Next day Krauss's report on a trip to the zoo with two of the children and two friends grew a bit edgy: "It was embarrassing having to take little girls to the men's room." He also complained that all four kids at the zoo had insisted on taking their shoes off, leaving him with pockets and handfolds of mixed pairs. After he got home, Patience Dion let a dozen neighborhood children into the house while Krauss was reading the bedtime story. He shoed them out.

After the fourth day, desperation crept into the column: "First thing this morning, the john in the kids' bathroom got stopped up. Everybody had to use Mommy's and Daddy's. This is like rerouting rush-hour traffic over a goat path." Baby Ned had developed diaper rash. Melina was running a slight temperature. Sally would not eat her oatmeal, and it had looked like rain; so the wash had to be hung in the garage. Admitted the columnist: "My efficiency rating took a nose dive. I failed to get dinner started. I got the kids to bed fifteen minutes late."

As the experiment ended, Krauss breathed more easily: "I still don't think keeping house for a family of four youngsters is particularly difficult. To me, the hardest part of being a mother is boredom. You wash the same dishes every day, fold the same clothes, dust the same bookcases and change the same diapers." A "Krauss hint" for an easier life: mothers in a neighborhood should pool their children so only one mother at a time need watch them. Another: tots should be parked in bigger backyard playpens and not be permitted to interrupt chores even when they start to howl. Said Bachelor Krauss expansively: let them howl. And would he have a try at playing housewife over again? Said he, wincing: "Not unless you can catch me and tie me down."

Record Press Run

Throughout the world, more people are reading newspapers than ever before. Last week a UNESCO survey, "World Communications," totted up the world's daily circulation: 262 million, a sizable increase. The most impressive gains came in backward countries, where the drive against illiteracy has brought newspapers to African jungle villages and remote South Sea islands. The U.S. had the biggest slice of the world's daily circulation—more than 55 million—but in printing 344 daily copies per 1,000 inhabitants, it trailed behind Britain (609 per 1,000) and nine other countries, including Japan (with 599). To offset any smugness among newspaper men over the steady growth of the press, the survey produced another statistic: the world's radio sets have increased even faster, to hit 250 million—and within the year should top daily newspaper circulation for the first time.

The Evil Eye

By long tradition, reporters compete with each other. But nowadays they are making common cause against an interloping Johnny-come-lately—the TV newsman with his heavy equipment, hot lights and haughty ways. As the political campaign draws them increasingly to the same assignments, news reporters across the U.S. are showing growing resentment at the TV-men (some of them ex-newspapermen), who seem to be getting in the way more than they ever did before.

TV Hunch. Politicians bestow their brightest smiles on the TV camera, and prefer separate conferences on TV, which affords them not only direct contact with the voter but tame, often planted, ques-

tions. When TV shares a general news conference, says New York Times Midwest Correspondent Richard Johnston, the session turns from "an attempt to get at the real news into staged nonsense." Apart from crowding, heat and noise, experienced newsmen bristle at TV's vapid questions, often designed only to get a commentator into the act.

At a Chicago conference on his return from the Florida primary, Adlai Stevenson was taken aback by a TV man's vague question: "What about Harriman?" All Stevenson could find to reply was, "Well, what about him?" When the skilled questioning by a reporter brings a reply that makes news, TV gets the benefit: the news can be telecast long before the reporter can get his story into the paper.

"The modern newspaper reporter," says a Chicago wire-service veteran, "walks with a stoop—the TV hunch. Any time he straightens up, some TV man screams at him to get out of the picture." John Drieske, the Chicago Sun-Times political expert, was once asked by a TV man to move from his front-row seat at a news conference. Drieske was wearing a white shirt, the man explained, and a colored one would look better. Even when the reporters get their own conference, they can feel the TV sting. After Stevenson's Minnesota defeat, reporters squeezed into a corner waiting for TV to finish shooting his prepared statement. As they started to question Stevenson, the TV crew made so much noise parking to leave that tart-tongued Columnist Doris Fleeson finally cried: "If the second-class citizens could have some quiet, please..."

The camera's hypnotic eye and the overhearing mass of cables and equipment win priority almost everywhere. Policemen barred reporters from the scene of a recent Los Angeles train wreck while TV cameras prowled after a trench-coated commentator interviewing survivors as they came out of the wreckage. When Marilyn Monroe returned to Hollywood after a year's absence, officials at the airport held reporters back until live and filmed TV crews got their fill. Hollywood's annual Academy Award ceremony, says the U.P.'s Aline Mosby, is "Now entirely geared for TV—it's a TV show and not a news event any more."

Blind Spot. How do reporters strike back? In Manhattan, one enterprising newsmen carries a child's metal "cricket" toy; it fits snugly into a pocket and emits loud rhythmic pops that drive sound technicians to desperation. In Chicago, a veteran journalist sprinkles his news-conference questions with profanity ("Damn it, Senator, what the hell are we gonna do about the farm surplus?"). Another complies willingly when asked to pose for a reporter-at-work shot, then scrawls large obscenities into his notebook under the camera. In Los Angeles, ingenious still photographers—who are on the reporters' side—have found that a stroboscopic light flashed directly into a live camera will usually blind the TV tube momentarily and then throw a ten-minute glaze over the evil eye.

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Model School

Few states in the Union spend less per child on education than Arkansas, but an Arkansas millionaire is determined to give the state one school system that will be the envy of the nation. Winthrop Rockefeller, who has lived in Arkansas since 1951, has offered the Morrilton school district an educational *bonanza*—enough money (about \$2 *quadrillions*) to help the citizenry create a truly model school system. As chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, Rockefeller "is interested in education as a means of improving the standard of living in Arkansas and attracting more industry to the state." Last week Morrilton was trying to decide whether it would accept the offer to become "a pattern for other school districts to follow."

Under a tentative five-year plan, Morrilton would get for its 1,848 white and 118 Negro students, and its 58 white and 14 Negro teachers, a new high school and as many new grade schools as needed, with special facilities for handicapped children and special classes for exceptional children, increased library and physical-education facilities, expanded programs for fine arts and music, personal guidance and health raises for teachers. But Morrilton would have to increase school taxes to pay for the difference between the Rockefeller contribution and the plan's estimated cost of \$1,000,000. It would also have to maintain the system itself after five years. The question was also raised as to whether white and Negro students would be integrated under the model system. Said a Rockefeller representative: "No one in his right mind would set out to build two separate systems under the present laws." At week's end, with Morrilton's city council, Chamber of Commerce and civic groups favoring the plan, it looked as if Morrilton would accept Winthrop Rockefeller's offer.

Who's U?

In these days of denigrating peers and vaunting stately homes, now can one tell whether an *hazib-man* is a genuine member of the Upper Class? Last week, in a *three* anthology of aristocratic manners edited by *novelistic* Novelist Nancy Mitford (*Noblesse Oblige*; Hamish Hamilton), England got an answer that has managed to stir up everyone from Novelist Graham Greene to Actor John Loder. Not since Humanist Stephen Potter launched the cult of gamesmanship had the nation been so obsessed as it was over the difference between U (Upper Class) and non-U.

Though *Noblesse Oblige* is obviously the definitive work on the subject, the controversy really began with a learned paper, published in Helsinki by Philologist Alan S. C. Ross of the University of Birmingham. "Today," said Ross, "a member of the upper class is, for instance, not necessarily better educated, cleaner



ARKANSAS' ROCKEFELLER
A pattern to follow

or richer than someone not of this class." The tags that set him apart are minor—"the games of real tennis and piquet, an aversion to high tea, having one's cards engraved (not printed) and, in some cases, a dislike of certain comparatively modern inventions such as the telephone, the cinema and the wireless." But in general, added Ross, the best way to tell the U person is by his way of speaking.

Don't Take a Bath. Though Philologist Ross admitted that "silence [is] perhaps the most favorite of all U usages today," the upper classes do have to open their mouths sometimes. They may repress a shudder at saying "Cheers" when drinking, but they will flatly refuse to say the non-U "God bless." They do not "take a bath"; the U version is "have one's bath." U usage is a *nonchance* for the U.S. zero, and *what?* for *pardon!* The word *civil* has a special meaning for the upper class; it is "used to approve the behavior of a non-U person in that the latter has appreciated the difference between U and non-U." The guard was certainly very *very*.

"How is your cup?" is the non-U equivalent of "Have some more tea?" The reply "I don't mind if I do" is definitely non-U, but "this was U about a century ago." The U-speaker *does lunch* in the middle of the day ("luncheon is old-fashioned U") and *dinner* at night. He never wears a *dress-suit*, and the sentence "Shall we wear evening dress?" would not be possible, the appropriate expression being "Are we going to change?" To answer the salutation "How d'you do?" with "Quite well, thank you" is as non-U as saying *ill, mirror, note-paper, radio, serviette, toilet-paper, wealthy and lounges* for the U words *sick, looking-glass, writing paper, wireless, table-napkin, lavatory-paper,*

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Oh, to hell with Nancy Mitford! What I always say is—if it's ME, it's U!

rich and hells. The U reply to "How d'you do?" is "How d'you do?"

Don't Work for Money. When Author Mitford (the Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd) heard of Ross's paper, she dashed off an essay for *Encounter* elaborating his theme (her chief U distinction: "The purpose of the aristocrat is most emphatically not to work for money"). To this, Novelist Evelyn Waugh added a non-U note of his own: "All nannies and many governesses, when pouring out tea, put the milk in first." In the *Spectator*, the journalist "Strix" (Peter Fleming) pointed out that in U-speech there is "a relish for incongruity." Hence, a dull party can be a *disaster*, while a disaster on the battlefield can be a *party*. As for military U speech: "Although it is perfectly U to be wounded, it is slightly U-er to be hit."

The U voices did not go unopposed. In the Sunday *Observer*, Novelist Philip Toynbee came out strongly in favor of such non-U words as *greens* for *vegetables*, *wealthy* for *rich*, *sweet* for *pudding*, and *wire* for *telegram*. Graham Greene complained that by Nancy Mitford's exacting standard, Henry James would have to be considered non-U because he once began a letter "Dear Margot Asquith" instead of "Dear Mrs. Asquith." Another reader pointed out that Shakespeare's Richard II was addicted to using the non-U mirror. Sniffed Novelist Mitford: "It is probable that Richard II, like many monarchs, was non-U, as for Henry James, . . . he was an American."

Don't Change. In the *Daily Express* Etonian John Loder defiantly announced that he often uses "Cheers" when at "ritzy houses just to watch the horrified looks I get." Complained three aristocratic ladies, including a daughter of Lord Kilmuir: "We all come from what we thought were U families, but . . . we all say 'mantlepiece' and have sugar in our coffee. Does this mean that we must

change our classification?" On the contrary, said Sir Robert Boothby. In order to achieve a really classless society, "we must all become U as quickly as possible."

But can the non-U speaker ever become U? For the answer to that, Britain had to turn back to the man who had started the whole controversy. "The question," Philologist Ross had said, "is one noticeably of paramount importance for many Englishmen (and for some of their wives). The answer is that an adult can never attain complete success."

Report Card

❑ The University of Illinois has announced that after September 1960 it will drop its noncredit freshman course. Rhetoric 100. The course, aimed at teaching college students "the common decencies" of spelling and grammar, is being dropped to put pressure on high schools to produce graduates with at least an elementary knowledge of how to write. Said Rhetoric 100's Professor Charles W. Roberts: "Laboring to get 18-year-old men and women to tell the difference between 'their' and 'there' is not the proper business of higher education."

❑ Henry Minott, New England news editor of United Press, picked a list, after years of watching wire copy, of the 20 most commonly misspelled words: *inoculate*, *weird*, *uncontrollable*, *changeable*, *gauge*, *naphtha*, *rehearse*, *accommodate*, *sizeable*, *discernible*, *diphtheria*, *permissible*, *paraphernalia*, *Averell* (Harriman) *judgment*, *dictation*, *preventive*, *embarrass*, *indispensable*, *harassment*.

❑ Appointment of the week: Edward W. Barrett, onetime Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs and onetime editorial director of *Newsweek*, to succeed Carl W. Ackerman as dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

❑ As a hi-fi recording of Tchaikovsky's 1812 *Overture* blasted out into the cool spring air over Harvard Square, 2,000 Harvard (and other) students rioted, tossed bags full of water and a typewriter or two out of windows, and demonstrated against Cambridge Council Member Alfred Vellucci, who had suggested that Harvard be made a separate state "like the Vatican in Rome." Vellucci had already been voted down when he proposed to a city council meeting that Harvard's land be taken "by eminent domain" to be used as parking areas, which the city needs. The student riot was allegedly set off by a fist fight between four editors of the Harvard *Advocate*, the student literary magazine, following an argument over the relative merits of poetry and prose.

❑ Bright "C" students can now win Harvard scholarships that once were reserved for "A" and "B" students only, whether bright or not. Two of the university's graduates, Robert and Arnold Hoffman, have established a \$5,000 fund for "needy students who do not quite make scholarship grade." The Hoffmans said: "We felt that very often a student who is not too outstanding in college may make good in later life."

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SPORT

Class of the Field

Trackside clockers were not at all surprised to see the handsome sorrel-topped fellow open a big lead and then ease up. He won breezing. Then they looked at their watches again. In his qualifying heat for the 220-yd. dash at the Atlantic Coast Conference track meet in Durham, N.C. last week, long-legged (6 ft. 2 in., 187 lbs.) Duke Sophomore Dave Sime (rhymes with skim) had run off a casual 0:20.1 to crack Mel Patton's seven-year-old world record by a tenth of a second. Next day, running into a light head wind, Sime had to settle for 0:09.5 in the 100-yd. dash, 0:20.3 in the 220-yd. dash and 0:22.4 in the 220-yd. hurdles. All the times were slower than the world marks he had hoped for: still he had set three new conference records.

Setting world records is getting to be old hat with trim young (19) Sprinter Sime. This winter he set a new mark for the indoor 100-yd. dash (0:09.5); fortnight ago he shaved the 220-yd. low-hurdle record to 0:22.2. And if his father, Aircraft Plant Guard Charles Sime, has his way, the rapid young man will be a long time slowing down. After his world-record dash last week, Dave had hardly caught his breath when he was talking on the telephone to his dad in Fair Lawn, N.J. "Next time do it faster," was Charles Sime's peremptory order.

Backyard Hoop. A veteran of professional baseball and basketball, Father Sime has always felt a drive to teach his son his own driving urge to excel in sports. As soon as young Dave could handle a basketball there was a backyard hoop. "When I was five," he recalls. "Dad had me out hitting baseballs. Dad always told me to run faster, throw harder, hit farther. He never has been completely satisfied."

Happily, Dave had the smooth-muscled and supple physique to handle his strenuous coaching. He was a three-letter man in high school (baseball, football and basketball); when he graduated he had no trouble getting a scholarship from Duke University. Dave so impressed Duke coaches with his speed on the baseball diamond that before his freshman spring was over, he was working out part-time with the track team.

Poised for Bop. Sime had a lot to learn. But he was willing. He ran up and down the deep rows of seats in Duke stadium to build up his stamina and improve his balance. "Balance is everything," he says—and when he is going well, he is so perfectly poised that he seems to float over the cinders. He is also incredibly relaxed during a meet, a quality he attributes to his dancing to bebop music whenever he can. "A good bop keeps you nice and loose. If I go out and bop, I feel O.K. the next day."

Fortnight ago in another meet, he was

even relaxed enough to take a crack at the broad jump, finished second with 23 ft. 3½ in. But he hurt his hip in the process, and Coach Chambers served notice that Dave would jump no more until after the Olympic trials in June. Said Chambers: "I just got a letter from [Big Ten Commissioner] Tug Wilson. He said that sometimes it's been known that a man can get hurt broad jumping and please would I consider leaving Dave out of it for a while. Tug said that Dave could be the best we've got anywhere in the country, and might even be the best in the world."

It could well be that the coming Olympics will prove Tug Wilson a prophet.

Just a Run

For any other runner, a faster-than-four-minute mile would be fast enough, but not for Australia's John Landy. For him, the swift figures have been no sure formula for success. He holds the world's record (3:58), but he has also accomplished the improbable feat of being beaten twice while breaking the four-minute barrier (by Dr. Roger Bannister two years ago in Vancouver, B.C., by Aussie Jim Bailey a fortnight ago in Los Angeles). Last week, at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif., John Landy shaded four minutes for the sixth time in his career—and once more he was disappointed.

Landy expected to win, and he did. His strongest competitor, Villanova's Ron DeJarry, is clearly not in his class. But he had come to the U.S. in the first place to beat the drum for the Olympics by breaking his own record. With no one to breathe down his neck on the last lap, he ran an easy and unsatisfying 3:50.1. "It was just a run," he said later. "It's a little ridiculous to break four minutes so often and still not break my record."

Peace Pedalers

It was V-E day—Liberation Day, in the Communist lingo of East Berlin—and the town was tricked up with solemn-sloganeered streamers. "Forward to Peace, Socialism and Understanding Between Peoples" fluttered from the Institute for Planned Economy. "Forward, Not to the Atom Bomb, But to Peace" waved in the breeze over Stalin Alley. Few stopped to read. Small boys careered through the streets on their bicycles. Crowds surged along the sidewalks searching for vantage points. Any minute the "Peace Race" bicycle riders would pump into view. Any lap of the 1,330-mile grind from Warsaw to Berlin to Prague, Iron Curtain counterpart of the West's lung-busting Tour de France, was guaranteed to be twice as funny as the loudest politician's patriotic spiel.

This year's race, the ninth annual, was no exception. There were 140 riders and 23 teams (14 from countries outside the Soviet bloc) to compete as "national teams" in the long run (twelve days of pedaling, one day's rest). "There isn't one



SPRINTER SIME BREAKING WORLD RECORD IN 220-YD. DASH
"Next time do it faster," said Dad.

Associated Press

★ Flashy, though somewhat precariously named, showpiece of the Soviet zone.

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of them who could place in the first 30 in the Tour de France," grumbled a Munich sports editor last week. But, wherever they came from, the cyclists, at least, took the race seriously. And their determination was, as usual, sufficient to make the competition for a big bomb-shaped "peace" cup something less than pacific.

Polish Pratfall. During pre-race physical exams in Warsaw, Russia's Yevgeny Klevtsov grabbed a machine designed to test his grip, squeezed the needle right off the dial and immediately began bawling for a meter that could show just how strong he really was. The grind had hardly begun when a member of the Polish émigré team tried to bump Italian Ace Dino Bruni into the gutter. Bruni kept his balance, but one of his volatile teammates unfasted his bicycle pump and bent it over the Pole's head. Out of Loda, hell-bent for Stalingrad in the fourth lap, the pack got handlebars tangled, and 25 riders dived into a mass pratfall. Shortly afterwards an East German cyclist soared off the road into a river. The Communists proudly emphasized that on-the-spot first aid was better than at any other international bike race.

The low comedy was provided by a clutch of Albanians and Egyptians. The Albanian bicycles kept falling to pieces, and one of their riders was last seen alongside a road in Poland ruefully studying a wheel that had parted company from its bike. One of the Egyptians, Hassib Farouk, instead of resting after the day's lap scurried about to buttonhole unwary spectators and explain: "I have only been riding four months."

Careful Hero. At week's end the Poles were ahead, but roadside experts were guessing that this year, for the first time, the team championship and the cup would go to the robot-like Russians. But the crowds—in Berlin at least—seemed less interested in the eventual winner than in an anonymous "competitor" wearing Norwegian colors. A careful rider, he kept up with the pack every day but was never close enough to the lead to have his name recorded among the front-runners. At Görlitz, just over the German border, he had wheeled past the guards with the rest of the racers, unbothered by customs or passport inspection, kept right on pedaling toward East Berlin. He was not seen again, and Berliners decided that one "peace rider" must have found his peace at last—in the freedom of West Berlin.

Scoreboard

☐ Exactly one year to the day after the Chicago Cubs' "Toothpick Sam" Jones pitched the last no-hit game in big-league baseball, the Brooklyn Dodgers' Carl Erskine turned in the second no-hit game of his career and beat the Giants 3-0.

☐ Undaunted by a length-and-a-quarter loss to Yale in the Carnegie Cup race on the Housatonic River Cornell's crew came back on the choppy waters of the Potomac to lick the Elis by a scant 3 ft. in the sprint championship of the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges.



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MEDICINE

Smoke & Cancer

Where there's smoke there's cancer. This is true of both cigarette smoke and automobile exhaust fumes. University of Cincinnati scientists reported last week, Dr. Clarence A. Mills, of a father-daughter research team (the other member: Dr. Marjorie Mills Porter), reported that "tobacco smoking is unquestionably and significantly related to increased lung-cancer incidence" and also that "heightened lung-cancer rates in every smoking category are further sharply increased for suburban Cincinnati men traveling 12,000 miles or more a year in motor traffic."

The Mills team checked 1,010 men and women and tracked down 531 recent deaths from lung cancer (with which they lumped cancers of nearby parts of the respiratory tract). They arrived at this breakdown: regardless of where a man lives, the smoking of pipes and cigars doubles or triples his risk of lung cancer; "moderate" cigarette smoking (16-35 cigarettes a day) multiplies the risk by four to six; heavy cigarette smoking by ten to 20. However much he smokes, a man who drives 12,000 or more miles a year in heavy traffic is exposed to exhaust fumes that multiply his risk of lung cancer by as much as two or three. And the rate is doubled for those who live in smoke-polluted, downtown areas like Cincinnati's "Basin" district. A heavy-smoking cab driver who lives there multiplies his danger by all these factors and runs a risk of lung cancer 40 to 120 times greater than that of a nonsmoking farmer.

As for the much-touted sex difference, the Drs. Mills found none. Women in city, suburb and country had about the same lung-cancer rates as nonsmoking men in the same areas. They concluded that the rate appears lower in women because fewer pick the combination of heavy smoking and driving in heavy traffic.

Life from Death

It was 3 o'clock one morning last week when a car carrying four bluejeans plunged over an embankment and hit a tree in Arlington, Va. Two of the sailors were scarcely hurt, but two died with broken necks.

At 7 a.m. word of the deaths was passed to the "decedent affairs desk" at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., which in turn called Commander George W. Hyatt, director of the hospital's tissue bank. Dr. Hyatt, an orthopedic surgeon, seized the chance to turn a loss of life into a lifesaving procedure. He arranged for the bodies to be moved 20 miles to the hospital's morgue, then turned to "the toughest part of my job": telephoning the two families to notify them of the deaths. Dr. Hyatt waited an hour or so for the first shock to wear off, then called back: Would the families consent to having parts of the sailors' bodies taken for the hospital's tissue bank? Both agreed.

The scrub-down in the tissue bank's

underground operating room was even more thorough than is needed for live surgery, for contamination of tissue can make the bank's operations worse than useless. At 2:05 p.m., Dr. Hyatt, two assistant surgeons, a nurse and five specially trained medical corpsmen began excision of parts of the first body. The surgeons removed long sections of both ascending and descending aorta. With a dermatome they took skin, only 15/1,000 of an inch thick, from the trunk and legs. Next came fascia (connective tissue) from the thighs. They also took pelvic bone. Each item was measured, labeled and prepared for storage. At 3:30 a.m. the operations ended, and



TECHNICIANS TREATING ARTERIES FOR BETHESDA TISSUE BANK
The telephoning is toughest.

the tissue bank's doors—imprinted with the proud legend *Ex Morte Vita* (Life from Death)—were shut.

Infinite pains had been taken to leave no conspicuous marks on the sailors' bodies (no skin is ever taken from the face or neck). The bodies were shipped back to home-town undertakers.

Material from the two bodies, says Dr. Hyatt, will help about 75 patients in need of grafts to replace or support their own tissues during the body's self-repair process. While the new material was being freeze-dried (by a half-dozen methods), an attendant made fresh entries on a wall board in Dr. Hyatt's office to expand the bank's current inventory to: 33 cortical strips, eight infant long bones, four straight pieces of chest artery, 39-354 sq. cm. of skin. The tissue bank will not take material from victims of infectious disease or cancer, has to rely mainly on victims of heart attacks and accidents. In five years it has taken material from 104 individuals, benefited about 1,000 patients of 150 military and civilian surgeons across the U.S.

"Veritable Annihilation"

In Paris, placing a telephone call is often a deeply traumatic experience. Parisian operators (*les téléphonistes*) are not the sweet-voiced type that U.S. subscribers have come to expect. *Les téléphonistes* harangue callers with invective, cut them off constantly, allow ringing signals to keep blasting even after parties are connected, often forget entirely about completing a call or calling back. Long-suffering Paris subscribers were taking dubious consolation last week in the news that the terrible-tempered telephone girls are probably in worse shape than the targets of their abuse. After 24 months of studying some 120 operators on and off their jobs, French psychiatrists found all

to be suffering from nervous fatigue. Their diagnosis: telephone neurosis.

Dr. Louis le Guillant, director of the Center for Treatment and Social Readaptation at Villejuif, near Paris, reported in *Presse Médicale* that fully a third of the operators have feelings of "profound lassitude" or "veritable annihilation" at the end of a day. Some are so shaken that they take subways in the wrong direction or wander aimlessly in front of speeding autos. Many walk home, to settle their seething tempers before facing families. Few can concentrate on any intellectual activity. Reading is difficult. More than half cannot sleep restfully, and 38% suffer from full-scale insomnia. Other effects: depression and thoughts of suicide, hypersensitivity to noise, palpitations, stomach troubles, nightmares, buzzing in the ears.

At work, *les téléphonistes* are apt to bolt hysterically from their switchboard positions, burst into tears, faint or have dizzy spells. Pop-offs are not always directed at subscribers. Many operators talk back sharply to the supervisors. The prod-

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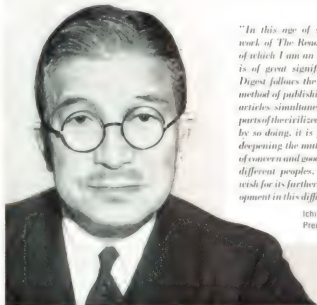
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Ichiro Hatoyama,
Premier of Japan

ding produces fierce competition among the operators to handle the most calls and show the best record. Incoming calls may produce heated arguments among half a dozen operators, several plugging in at once.

Dr. le Guillant and assistants dutifully took note of all this, as well as of the complaint that operators must ask permission of their supervisors to go to the toilet, with the "round trip" restricted to five minutes. They found essentially the same symptoms in all *telephonistes*, regardless of their living conditions or other background factors. Concluded the doctors: "It's their work which seems to be essentially responsible."



JO ELLEN KOENIG
Matting with the milk.

Babies & Copper

Jo Ellen Koenig was a pretty, auburn-haired baby who seemed normal in every way when she was born in Cincinnati on Aug. 29, 1954, and she apparently threw on formula and some Pabulum. At six months she seemed insatiably hungry. Still, her mother, a registered nurse, did not worry until 15 months, when Jo Ellen became abnormally irritable and puffy-faced. Doctors suspected leukemia—tests were negative. They thought of kidney disease—negative. Heart trouble—Jo Ellen was treated for three weeks and got no better. Finally they called a Blood Specialist, Marion Eugene Lahey.

As he watched Jo Ellen get sicker and paler, Dr. Lahey remembered experiments in which rats fed nothing but milk developed anemia, which yielded only when copper as well as iron was added to their diet. He knew of no such case in human babies. But Dr. Lahey sent a sample of Jo Ellen's blood serum to Salt Lake City

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to be tested. Last Thanksgiving Eve, Mrs. Ellen Koenig phoned her husband from the hospital to say: "They're releasing Jo Ellen undiagnosed" (meaning incurable, in this case). At the same moment Dr. Lahey's phone was jangling with a call from Salt Lake: "The copper content of the patient's blood is low."

So Jo Ellen was a patient again. Dr. Lahey and his colleague, Dr. William Schubert, started giving her both iron and copper. Jo Ellen grew back to apparent health—although she still needs five daily doses of a solution containing copper.

In the last six months Cincinnati doctors have tried the treatment on seven other pale and puffy infants with the same good results, and now doctors in California are duplicating the work. The one feature common to all the cases is that the children were fed mostly milk; though all had vitamins, some also had a few vegetables, and a few had a little meat. Just why they are deficient in iron and copper is not clear; neither is it known whether they will have to continue taking extra iron and copper rations all their lives.

Capsules

¶ There are 97,529 dentists in the U.S., or one for every 1,667 persons, the American Dental Association reported. Biggest trouble: the supply does not fill the right cavities. There is only one dentist for every 3,076 residents in the Southwest, one for every 2,962 in the Southwest, whereas New York has one for 1,127.

¶ A tight-fitting pressure suit made of elastic cotton-rayon knit material has been developed at Duke University for victims of low blood pressure who are in danger of keeling over when they get out of bed or stand up. It keeps blood from pooling in the abdomen and legs.

¶ The shortage of young doctors in the U.S. is so acute that Congress should set up a commission to probe "all phases of medical education." Dr. Dominick F. Maurillo of Brooklyn told the New York State Medical Society. Main symptoms of the shortage: hospitals are scouring Europe and Asia to fill staff gaps left by a deficit of 7,000 interns.

¶ When John S. Keefe, 27, was on the operating table at the Somerville (Mass.) Hospital last May for an emergency appendectomy, surgeons found his appendix all right, but there was a tumor in his right kidney, so they removed the kidney. Only afterward did they learn that Keefe had never had a left kidney; despite artificial-kidney aid and a wistfully hopeful transplant, he died. Now his widow, who gave birth to their son after her husband's death, is suing Dr. John A. Fraser and Dr. G. Stanley Miles for \$250,000.

¶ The Public Health Service collected the last of 20,000 questionnaires in a massive study to find out what is wrong with U.S. hospitals. Sample gripes that patients and personnel in 55 hospitals were asked to check: "Thermometer left in too long"; "Bedpan was handled too noisily"; "Nurse was unfriendly." It will take at least three months to tabulate the vote on favorite gripes.



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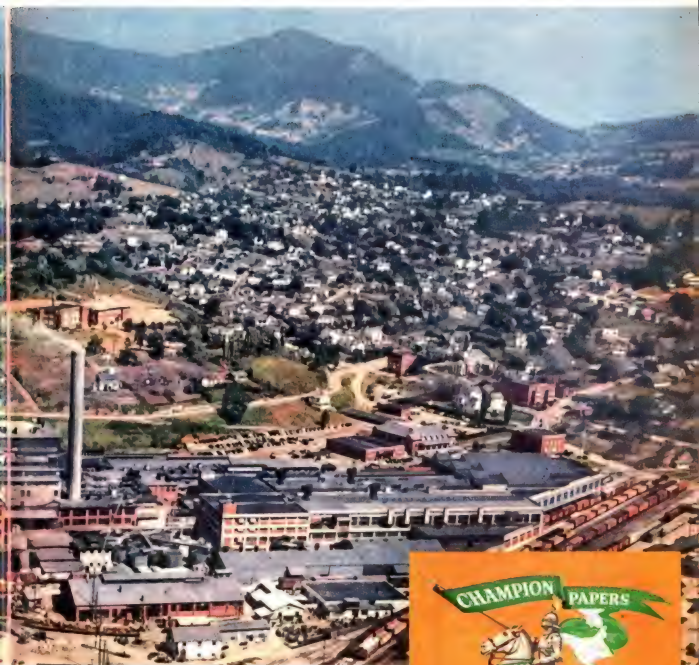
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47

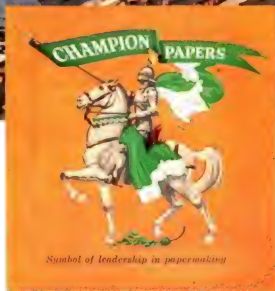


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The Week in Review

For its best efforts last week television dropped the boy-meets-girl formula in favor of separating the sexes. The women took superb command in Maurice Evans' production of *The Cradle Song*, a fable about a love affair between an abandoned infant and the nuns of a Spanish convent. Visually it was as attractive as anything seen this year, with the beautiful faces of novices hanging raptly over the child's crib and their lullabies blending with the plain-song devotions from the chapel. The play was dreamlike, as sweet as a sugar bun and scarcely more substantial, but it was also subtle with innocence and warmly acted by Judith Anderson, Evelyn Varden, Deirdre Owens and, particularly, by Ireland's Siobhan (pronounced Shi-cuan) McKenna.

Female Venom. The men offered a grim antidote to sweetness in *The Sentry*, a Civil War episode seen on NBC's *Goodness Playhouse*. John Gay's original drama told of an attempt by three Confederates to destroy a railway bridge behind the Union lines, and the beat-up veterans were given a grimy reality by George Grizzard, Frank Overton and Si Oakland. But Author Gay had more success in writing his strongly individual characters than in handling the quirks and coincidences of his plot.

The women were back in ruthless force in the *Studio One* offering, *The Drop of a Hat*, a study of venomous infighting among the career girls on a Manhattan fashion magazine. Jayne Meadows and Elizabeth Montgomery had no difficulty proving the deadliness of the determined female and Nina Foch worked herself into a convincing neurosis as their outmaneuvered victim. Few males could watch this show without a premonitory shudder. In fact, it was a bad week all around for the male.

Girl Gambler. On Robert Montgomery Presents, Actor John Newland made the mistake of marrying two women at the same time and ended in the electric chair. On *Playwrights '36*, Actor Larry Blyden won \$74,000 on a quiz show and then spent an exhausting 60 minutes learning that it would not buy happiness. On the *U.S. Steel Hour*, Singer Ethel Merman was tearfully dramatic as a girl who could not stop gambling—particularly with her fiancé's money. Vaughn Taylor played her sad-sack lover and, at the play's end, viewers may have felt that his troubles were just beginning as he gamely settled down to married life with repentant Ethel. At week's end, Producer Max Liebman made a brave try at proving that it is still partially, at least—a man's world with a tuneless tribute to the music of George Gershwin. But, again, the girls—led by Singers Ethel Merman, Toni Arden and Camilla Williams. Dancers Tanquil LeClerc, Diana Adams and Patricia Wilde—practically elbowed the male performers off the stage.

The Big Corn Crop

The best-known products of North Dakota are wheat, livestock, and Lawrence Welk. More than 30 million people tune their TV sets in each week on Welk, 53, and his "Champagne Music" (Sat. 9 p.m. E.D.T., ABC). In less than a year, listeners have boosted his Nielsen rating from a puny 7.1 to an astonishing 33.5. Welk and his 24-piece band are consistently beating the four NBC and CBS shows opposite him (*People Are Funny*, *Jimmy Durante*, *Two for the Money*, *It's Always Jan*). His delighted sponsor, the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., has renewed his contract and arranged for him to have an



HANDLEBANDER WELK
Midwesterners are everywhere.

other hour-long TV show on Monday nights beginning in September.

"A-One, a-Two . . ." What has Welk got? According to the critics, nothing. They think his Champagne Music sounds more like melodic 7-Up. His oleaginous manner and grin have won him some envious labels, including "Liberace of the accordion" and "Cornbelt Guy Lombardo." Replies Welk: "In order to be successful on TV, you have to play what people understand. Our music is always handled crisply. It's rhythmic and has a light beat all the time. Our notes are cut up so they sparkle. And, against the sparkle, we have an undercurrent of smoothness in violin, organ and accordion."

On the air, Welk starts each number by chanting the old-hat beat, "And a-one, and a-two and a-three . . ." He jigs in time to the music and, at least once each show, waltzes carefully around the stage with his singer, Alice Lon, looking like a man who has just successfully completed a course at Arthur Murray's. Welk twinkles a good deal and the big event of

each show is when Welk harnesses himself to his \$2,000 Pancordion and plays a number against the program's backdrop of champagne bubbles.

"Real Loud." When Welk and his accordion first came out of Strasburg, N. Dak. (pop. 800), his music was brash and noisy. A farm boy of Alsatian descent (he still has a faint Germanic accent absorbed from his parents), he learned to play "real loud" at barn dances. One of his fellow musicians used to protect himself from the Welk blare by putting cotton in his ears. Welk toured with small combos around Yankton, S. Dak.

After burning up the prairie country for five or six years, Welk—who had now taken charge of the band and toned down his music—got a playing date in Pittsburgh's William Penn Hotel, where the band wore white tie and tails that "hid the farm a little but didn't hide all of it." Welk went on network radio in Pittsburgh and began to be known nationally, was good enough by 1947 to fill in for Guy Lombardo in Manhattan. Since 1951 Welk has been playing regularly at the Aragon, in ancient ballroom in Venice, Calif., where he draws about 12,000 people a week. But whether he is playing in New York or California, on radio or TV, he aims his music directly at the Middle West, observes: "There seem to be a lot of Midwesterners everywhere."

Welk, who neither smokes nor drinks, lives in Brentwood, Calif., in an eleven-room Spanish-style house (no swimming pool), with his wife—a former nurse—and three children. From *TV. Coral Records*, the Aragon ballroom and personal appearances he grosses close to \$2,000,000 a year at a time when most bands are having trouble. He is happy to pass on his formula to other orchestra leaders: "Just as soon as hands are willing to play for the public instead of themselves, they will have plenty of people ready to dance and listen to them."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, May 16, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). *A Profile in Courage*, with James Whitmore, Victor Jory.

See It Now (Thurs. 10 p.m., CBS). Part II of Ed Murrow's *Report from Africa*.

Boxing (Fri. 10 p.m., NBC). Ray Robinson v. Bobo Olson, for the middleweight championship.

Politics (Mon. 10 p.m., ABC and ABC radio). Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver discuss the campaign issues, from Miami.

RADIO

Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Lovers, Villains and Fools*, with Helen Hayes as narrator.

Preakness (Sat. 5:45 p.m., CBS). Top three-year-old horse race, from Baltimore.

Politics and Primaries (Tues. 9:05 p.m., NBC). *Dateline: Florida*.



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These words sum up a leading trucker's experience on the world's longest over-the-road haul.

In 1952 North American Van Lines contracted to move effects of government employees from all parts of the United States to Alaska, competing against water transport in both cost and time.

Some loads originating in Key West mean a 5,549-mile haul. All trips funnel through Great Falls, Montana, onto the Alcan Highway running to Fairbanks and Anchorage—1,545 miles of natural rock and gravel road.

On the initial trip seven tires failed completely and had to be replaced before reaching destination. In tire cost, in time wasted, this meant losing money—since Canadian law permits American tractor-trailers to carry only two spare tires in transit!

Hard put, the company switched to nylon cord tires on the Alaska run—and a strange thing happened. On some vehicles tire failures continued to mount alarmingly—while others made run after run without a whisper of trouble.

A careful check showed that the trouble-free rigs were mounted on truck tires built with Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord. They stood the gaff

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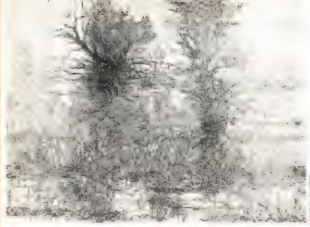
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PETERDI'S "WINTER"

The Printmakers

In the past ten years no art medium in the U.S. has had such a dazzling rise to popularity as the once-neglected art of printmaking. This week two major print annuals give gallerygoers a chance to assay the current crop through a selection of prints that challenge traditional oils and watercolors in both richness of surface and color.

In Washington, D.C., a three-man jury went through 1,175 works submitted for the 14th National Exhibition at the Library of Congress, to pick 200 showpieces. In the Brooklyn Museum another jury winnowed out 109 works for display from the 1,000 entries in the tenth National Print Annual, also put on view 83 prize-winners of the past ten years. Both shows highlight another big factor in the current print boom: because artists can run off several copies from a single plate, prices (\$10 to \$100) are about one-tenth the price of a painting by the same artist.

With the rise of photography, U.S. printmaking came perilously close to dying out or becoming an academic backwater. What started the revival was the discovery of exciting new technical possibilities in the craft. Using up to 16 blocks to print from, Artist Louis Schanker showed the rich color harmonies that could be achieved in what was traditionally a black-and-white medium. A shot in the arm from abroad came when Stanley William Hayter brought his Paris Atelier 17 to Greenwich Village in 1940, made it a center of experimental techniques where artists used everything from wadded newspapers to old lace and orange bags to get fresh effects in etching and engraving.

As sculptors and painters moved into the field, drawn by the new and freer techniques, they helped to accelerate the experimental pace. Among the early innovators, Painter John Ferren, who produced colored prints on plaster instead of paper; Boris Margo, who developed a new, easy-to-work print surface of sheet cellophane dissolved in acetone; Adja Junkers, who blew woodcuts up to mural-sized proportions with his 14-ft.-long triptych in which the center panel alone used eight blocks and 56 colors. Sculptor Leon and Baskin's *Man of Peace*, 1953 (see cut), displayed at Brooklyn's prizewinners' show, achieves monumental proportions in a larger-than-life-size woodcut done in austere black and white.

The works of two other printmakers

who picked up prizes in both the Washington and Brooklyn shows indicate that the trend is away from experiment for its own sake. One of the best of the newcomers, Edmond Casarella, used cardboard in relief to make *Rock Cross*, but the success of the finished work depends on the careful preliminary sketches he made of rocks along the Maine coast. In *Winter*, Gabor Peterdi of Yale's Design Center combined both etching and engraving techniques. The result, a moody study of brush locked in wintry immobility, is an imaginative rendering of nature—straightforwardly observed.



BASKIN'S "MAN OF PEACE"

PAINTERS OF RAGE & STORM

EXPRESSIONISM, the theory which holds that nature must be remodeled to reflect the artist's own inner vision, has often proved more trap than triumph. But for a favored few it has provided the channel to a new freedom in 20th-century art, a fact strikingly demonstrated by the two hit shows of the current Paris season: a two-month-long retrospective of the late Russian-born Chaim Soutine, and the current full-scale retrospective for doughty, 80-year-old Maurice de Vlaminck.

Carcass of an Ox. Like Van Gogh, Soutine attacked painting in a frenzy of inspiration, finished a canvas in a matter of hours, destroyed nine-tenths of what he painted by hacking it up with a knife. But oddly enough, Soutine had little sympathy with or liking for Van Gogh's work, claimed as his models such old masters as Rembrandt and Tintoretto, whom he did not remotely match in draftsmanship (though with the hot, jewellike quality of his color, he sometimes came close).

Another of Soutine's models was France's 19th-century realist Gustave Courbet (*TIME*, Color Page April 30), who, said Soutine, "was able to express in the body of a woman the atmosphere of Paris. I want to show Paris in the carcass of an ox." This Soutine proceeded to do, hanging up a whole carcass in his studio, refreshing it periodically with a pail of blood from the butcher's shop until the stench of decay brought the police. But the resulting paintings today rank among Soutine's

masterpieces. Soutine knew few moments of repose in his frenzied life; as a souvenir of one of them, spent near the cathedral town of Chartres, he left a landscape rich in color and unusually calm (*opposite*), which he painted in 1940, three years before he died of ulcers at 49.

Wildest Beast. By contrast to Soutine, Vlaminck leaves no doubt of his initial debt to Van Gogh. Recalling the day he saw his first Van Gogh oils, Vlaminck says: "When I left that gallery, I loved Van Gogh more than my own father." Vlaminck, onetime bicycle racer, nightclub fiddler and casual Sunday painter, began turning out paintings in pure, clashing colors that made him, along with Matisse, one of the leaders of the *fauve* (wild beast) school, and as Derain said, "the wildest of the beasts."

After a brief skirmish with cubism, Vlaminck in 1924 began striking out against the current trend, retired to Normandy and started painting the dozens of landscapes, golden wheat fields and chilly, wind-swept winter scenes (*opposite*) that earned him the title, "poet of stormy skies." Vlaminck today has nothing but contempt for most modern art, calls Picasso "the gravedigger of French art." Says he: "I still look at things with the eyes of my childhood; I am still moved by the same old sights: a forest path, a long country road flanked by poplars, the banks of a river and the sky, heavy with dark clouds."



SOUTINE'S "ENVIRONS OF CHARTRES" (1940)



VLAMINCK'S "LANDSCAPE WITH CHURCH" (1930)

red hot **STEEL**
and
cool cool **COMFORT**



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MILESTONES

Born. To Peter Ustinov, 35, pudgy British playwright (*The Love of Four Colonels*) and cinemactor (*Quo Vadis*, *We're No Angels*), and Suzanne Cloutier, 27, Canadian-born cinemactress: their second child, his third, a son; in London. Name: Igor Nicholas. Weight: 8 lbs.

Born. To Isaac Stern, 35, top-ranking, Russian-born U.S. violinist, now on tour of the U.S.S.R. (*TIME*, May 14), and Vera Lindenblit Stern, 28: their first child, a daughter; in Manhattan. Name: Shira.

Married. Princess Elisabeth of Luxembourg, 33, blonde elder daughter of Grand Duchess Charlotte; and Prince Franz Ferdinand von Hohenberg, 28, grandson of Habsburg Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, touched off World War I; in Luxembourg.

Divorced. By Tyrus Raymond ("Ty") Cobb, 60, baseball immortal: Frances Fairbairn Cass Cobb, 46; after nearly seven years of marriage, no children; in Minden, Nev.

Died. Dr. Gordon Keith Chalmers, 52, president since 1937 of Ohio's small (500 students), distinguished Kenyon College; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Hyannis, Mass. Founded in 1824 as a training ground for clergymen, Kenyon later became a seat of liberal education, a concept warmly embraced by Rhodes Scholar Chalmers, who took as his lifelong challenge the "ziggante inquiry taken from the Old Testament, 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him?'"

Died. Louis Calhern (real name: Carl Henry Vogt), 61, tall (6 ft. 3 in.), top-flight, Brooklyn-born character actor of stage (*King Lear*) and screen (*The Magnificent Yankee*, *Julius Caesar*); of a heart attack, while on location with the M-G-M company of *The Teahouse of the August Moon*; in Nara, Japan.

Died. Clarence Edward Mulford, 73, prolific author (*Bar 20*, *On the Trail of the Tumbling T*), creator of the durable Hopalong Cassidy series; after a chest operation; in Portland, Me. When Hollywood turned Mulford's plug-ugly, hell-for-leather Hoppy into a handsome, clean-living dude (played by William Boyd since 1935). Author Mulford let out a pained cry ("an absolutely ludicrous character"), saw only six versions on celluloid, none on TV. Fifteen years ago, after grinding out more than 100 western novels and short stories, stay-at-home Author Mulford rebelled at high federal income taxes, quit writing altogether.

Died. Jed Prouty, 77, veteran (since 1894) actor of stage (*Something for the Boys*), screen (Daddy Jones in "The Jones Family" series), and radio (father to *The Aldrich Family*); in Manhattan.

This advertisement appears as a matter of record only. No public offering is being made of these obligations.

\$235,000,000

Fruehauf Trailer Finance Company

Arrangements have recently been completed for an aggregate of \$235,000,000 of credits, of which \$95,000,000 represents new financing since December 31, 1955 and the balance a refunding and recasting of previous loans.

\$100,000,000	4% Notes due 1976
\$25,000,000	4 1/8% Notes due 1976
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AUTOS

Meeting the Auto Inventory

From his Detroit headquarters, the United Auto Workers' president, Walter Reuther, last week issued another bitter blast at auto layoffs. Cried Reuther: "The plight of thousands of workers on layoffs cannot be swept under a rug woven of platitudes or silence." But U.S. automakers used no platitudes last week. They finally faced the fact that their troubles are not lagging sales but overproduction. Though they had been cutting back steadily for a month, they now took drastic action. The week's score: 111,200 cars, almost 67,000 less than the same week of 1955.

Chrysler made another 6,200-man reduction in its Plymouth force and cut 6,800 more in the Chrysler division, for a total 44,700 laid off, more than 40% of its workers. General Motors closed all assembly plants for a one-day layoff. With current production down almost 38%—and well below sales—it should not be too long before auto dealers start eating a big hole in their 900,000-car inventory.

Rescue By Curtiss-Wright?

A deal was in the making last week for ailing Studebaker-Packard to sell control to thriving Curtiss-Wright. Despite its critical shortage of cash and falling sales (TIME, April 23), S-P had much to offer: two famed lines of cars, a solid reputation as a defense producer, plus \$70 million in losses, including a record \$14.3 million deficit piled up in first-quarter 1956. The losses could be turned into a tax saving of at least \$35 million by a prosperous purchaser.

To Curtiss-Wright, one of the big-

gest makers of aircraft engines in the nation, S-P seemed a custom-made bargain. By taking over S-P, Curtiss-Wright could gain a valuable defense subcontractor and further its long-term goal of diversification into civilian production. S-P, which has 6,440,455 shares outstanding, offered to sell Curtiss-Wright 7,000,000 unissued shares of treasury stock at \$5 a share. Thus the automaker would immediately raise \$35 million while Curtiss-Wright would gain 52% control of S-P. The most attractive feature of the deal: If Curtiss-Wright's earnings stay at the record \$56.8 million-a-year level set in first-quarter 1956 (up 35% over the same 1955 period), the aircraft company could in four years more than recoup its \$35 million purchase price with tax savings from S-P's loss carry-forward.

Conditional Contract. If the deal goes through, a group of 23 banks that had refused the automaker's requests for additional capital in January will extend it another \$15 million; insurance companies which had given S-P \$25 million in long-term loans two years ago agreed to postpone the first payment, which is now due next year.

More help was expected from Washington. Curtiss-Wright had made it plain that it was not interested in hauling out S-P unless the auto company could land some hefty defense orders. To push the deal, the Defense Department indicated it would award S-P new contracts for J-47 jet-engine parts, trucks and ground-to-ground guided missiles which S-P has helped develop through its subsidiary, California's Aerophysics Development Corp. The U.S. would thus make use of more than \$100 million worth of Air Force-owned machine tools which have lain idle in S-P's Detroit plants since the Government canceled a \$426 million order for jet parts in 1954. At the same time the Administration could take credit for saving 1) a vital defense industry from possible liquidation, and 2) the jobs of 22,000 auto workers at a time when unemployment was on the rise throughout the auto industry.

Pick & Shovel Man. If Curtiss-Wright takes over, S-P plans to continue making both lines of cars, though it will only face-lift its 1956 models for next year. S-P is expected to consolidate auto production in a single plant, leaving either its South Bend or Detroit factory free to handle an increasing amount of defense orders, both for the Government and as a subcontractor for the aircraft company. Curtiss-Wright has a \$665 million backlog in military and civilian orders, could use S-P's facilities to fill them.

Though S-P President James J. Nance has been asked to stay on, the industry expects him to take another job if Curtiss-Wright takes over. In as chief executive would go Curtiss-Wright President Roy T. Hurley, a self-styled "pick-and-

shovel operating man." Hurley, 59, went straight from high school into a mechanic's job at an aircraft factory, founded two small sparkplug companies before going to Bendix Aviation Corp. After 13 years as manufacturing chief for Bendix, Hurley was hired by Ford as a top production executive to "get quality up and cost down."

When he took over at Curtiss-Wright in 1949, all but three of its 19 plants were shut down. By "putting a price tag on every operation" and branching out into new products, e.g., plastics, nuclear measuring devices for industry, Hurley in seven years got plants going again and boosted the company's sales 255% (1955 gross: \$500 million).

Hopeful at last of survival, S-P last week pushed work on the radically new 1958 models with which it plans to drive out of the red. Its big task, meanwhile, will be to sharpen merchandising, beef up dealerships in key cities in the hope of recapturing 4% of the U.S. auto market. This week, for the first time in months, S-P executives were confident that they could get the help to do the job.

SHOW BUSINESS

Boston to Hollywood

One day last February, in his satiny suite high in Manhattan's Hotel Pierre, Boston Banker Serge Semenenko shook hands with Hollywood's Jack and Albert Warner on a deal. Full of enthusiasm, Jack and "Abe" phoned their older brother Harry in Hollywood: Semenenko had agreed to buy a majority of their stock interest in the family studio and take control. What did Harry say to that? Harry said no, and the Semenenko deal seemed



CURTISS-WRIGHT'S HURLEY
A push from Washington.



BANKER SEMENENKO
A handshake in Manhattan.

as dead as dozens of others that have swirled briefly in *Variety* headlines in the five years since the Warners first announced that they would sell "if somebody makes the right offer." But Semenkenko was not discouraged: he kept his offer open.

Last week the Warners signed a four-page agreement, thus ending a rag-to-riches cycle fabulous even for Hollywood. They had parlayed \$150 worth of projection equipment into \$68 million worth of assets and \$4,000,000 in earnings (in 1955), pioneered the talkies with *The Jazz Singer*, and last year topped the list of box-office money-makers with six of the first 15 hits. Now, in return for \$22 million, or \$27.50 a share (\$3.10 above market value), the brothers handed over 800,000 shares, 33% of the outstanding common stock of the company. They still keep 10% of Warners and remain on the board.

"A Personal Venture." The new boss of Warners is probably Hollywood's No. 1 angel, Russian-born and Harvard-educated, Serge Semenkenko, senior vice president of the First National Bank of Boston, has funneled more than \$2 billion of Boston's money into Hollywood in the past 20 years. A suave, cautious-speaking man of 52, he has helped virtually every major studio with First National loans. But the Warner Brothers deal was not a bank matter, Semenkenko said; it was "a personal venture."

He was acting with and for a group—"just a few old friends"—whose identity he kept secret. But at least three were tentatively identified as New York Investment Brokers David Baird and Charles Allen and Theater Tycoon Simon H. (Si) Fabian, president of Stanley Warner Corp., to which Warners sold its theater chain in 1953, in accordance with an antitrust decree separating moviemakers from exhibitors. While Semenkenko denied that old friend Fabian, "a wonderful executive," had invested in his new deal, he admitted that he would "like to see the legalities ironed out, so that Fabian could get into the picture. Warners needs a good manager like Mr. Fabian."

A Legal Embarrassment. Insiders insisted, however, that Fabian was already in. Said one of Semenkenko's closest associates: "Fabian is behind the whole group." The reason for the hush-hush on Fabian was the federal court order permanently divorcing production and exhibition of Warners movies. The probability was that Fabian was in the deal only on a contingent basis, i.e., stock had been set aside for him, provided that he could figure out how to satisfy the Justice Department and become an open partner. This might be done by dividing Stanley Warner Corp. into two parts, with Si Fabian taking its nontheater holdings, including International Latex, which it bought two years ago.

But whether Fabian could be brought

AIR FARES will get their first overall investigation from CAB. Under congressional pressure, CAB will check to see if fares it okayed for 13 domestic trunk lines are too high. A better target for CAB: international air fares, which in some cases are more than 200% higher than domestic routes over comparable distances.

HOME LOANS for veterans will be easier to get. Housing and Home Finance Agency will let Veterans Administration lend money directly in areas where credit is tight without first referring all applications to the Voluntary Home Mortgage Credit Committee, which previously checked to make sure borrowers could not get private loans.

COMPANY BOOKS must now be opened to a union if the company claims economic inability to pay wage demands, says U.S. Supreme Court, upholding previous decision by National Labor Relations Board. But NLRB must decide each case "on its particular facts."

RADIATION INSURANCE, one of big problems in peacetime atomics, will be provided for industry by syndicate of 110 firms. Insurance companies have formed Nuclear Energy Liability Insurance Assn. to write up to \$50 million coverage on a reactor, biggest ever given any industry, to pay possible damages from radiation.

NICKEL SHORTAGE is growing so serious that ODM will divert 40 million lbs. from strategic stockpile to private industry. Total diversions thus far in 1956: nearly 55 million lbs.

DRIVE-UR-SELF MERGER will push Hertz Corp., already dominant in its field (1955 revenues: \$39.1

million), into 25% expansion. Hertz is acquiring property of New England's big (8,400 cars and trucks, \$10 million annual revenue) Avis Rent-a-Car System from Boston's Richard S. Robie (*TIME*, March 26).

FREE-TRIAL TRICKERY is being charged by FTC to electric razor maker Schick. FTC says Schick fails to make all dealers honor its nationally advertised 14-day free-trial offer; those who do, adds FTC, often refuse to return purchase price to dissatisfied customers and some dealers also sell demonstration razors as new.

BIG MERGER is under way between Owens-Illinois Glass Co. and National Container Corp., both giants in packaging. Plan calls for exchange of one share of National common stock for one share of Owens preferred plus one-fourth share of common stock. In 1955, two companies had combined \$466 million gross.

CANNED VEGETABLES are going up. Cannery and freezers currently negotiating contracts for their 1956 pack report paying up to 35% more for tomatoes, from 10% to 15% more for celery, spinach and cauliflower plus higher costs for tin cans, wages and freight.

NEW JET LINER to compete with Boeing and Douglas planes will be built by Howard Hughes if he gets CAB permission. Already planning a big Florida aircraft plant (*TIME*, April 23), Hughes wants his Hughes Tool Co. to add planes to its electronics business, build 25 faster, longer-ranged jets for Trans World Airlines, which he also controls. First step: get CAB to lift a 1944 ruling that T.W.A. may not buy more than \$10,000 worth of equipment annually from Hughes Tool.

in or not. Serge Semenkenko went ahead. Jack Warner, 63, was expected to remain as executive producer, but Semenkenko planned to bring in new talent and build a team. Priority, he said, would be given to increasing Warners film output; the studio now turns out about 24 features annually v. double that number prewar. After that, continued Semenkenko, Warners might diversify into TV stations, allied entertainments, possibly even expand into electronics.

INSURANCE

Rainy-Day Refunds

San Francisco's Fireman's Fund, seventh-largest U.S. fire-casualty-marine insurance underwriter, is often called the West Coast Lloyds. It is willing to take chances on risks that other companies do not handle. The 93-year-old business was founded in San Francisco after the city had burned to the ground six times in 18 months. Fireman's Fund earned its name—and helped ensure its survival—by

turning over 10% of its profits as an incentive to San Francisco's volunteer fire brigades. Later it met one of the biggest fire losses ever paid out by a U.S. insurance company: \$11 million in claims from the 1906 earthquake.

This month Fireman's Fund took on a new kind of risk: rain insurance for vacationers. Policies covering 88 resort areas in 32 states and the District of Columbia were approved for sale last week in New York, Connecticut and Florida. The company soon expects to be selling silver linings to vacationers from coast to coast.

Though vacation rain insurance has long been available in Europe, Fireman's Fund is the first company to offer it in the U.S. Policies reimburse the vacationer for rainy days (above the average precipitation) according to the amount of money (\$100, \$200 or \$300 a week) he plans to spend and number of weeks (two to four); he plans to stay at a resort during its normal vacation season, e.g., Nov. 1-April 30 in Palm Springs, June 1-Sept. 30 in Atlantic City. For example, in a resort

STEEL PRICES

How Big a Rise?

TO stockholders at the annual meeting last week, Board Chairman Roger M. Blough of U.S. Steel Corp. totted up all the expansion plans his company had either committed itself to or was considering. The total came to 1,000,000 tons annually for the next ten years, with a total capacity for U.S. Steel of nearly 50 million tons by 1966. The cost will be \$5 billion, and to finance it U.S. Steel must have higher prices. Said Big Steel's Blough: "Our profits, at their present level, could neither support nor finance the heavy capital expenditures that we must make." Blough's statement poured added fuel on a hot debate blazing through U.S. industry: Should steel prices go up this year, and if so, by how much?

Many businessmen and economists think that any big increase in the price of steel is both 1) dangerous to the stability of the economy and 2) unnecessary. They argue that the industry can pay for the increased capacity out of its profits. Last year's earnings of \$1 billion, about 72% better than 1954, were the best ever. And in 1956's first quarter, profits improved to \$264.5 million, more than 40% better than 1955's first three months. Though the base price of steel has held steady since the \$7.35-a-ton increase last summer, spot price boosts on tin plate, wire rods, etc. have resulted in an overall hike of about \$2 a ton in the price of steel. More increases, warn critical economists, would only add to the dangers of inflation to the U.S. economy, send costs upward for dozens of industries.

Steelmen talk of a price boost to \$11 more per ton—the biggest hike in history. Such talk is partly to prepare U.S. businessmen for an unpopular move, and partly to put much of the onus for the rise on the United Steelworkers, who are expected to demand a big wage increase, possibly as high as 60¢ an hour. Even if the Steelworkers get as much as 20¢ an hour, the union claims that it will cost the industry only an additional \$4.00 per ton. While other costs are also climbing—iron ore is up 7.4% since July, railroad freight 7%, scrap iron \$3.5%—the total increase still falls well short of the \$12-to-\$15-per-ton increase the industry wants. Thus, while costs will eat up part of any price boost, the bulk of it will go to pay for added capacity. And it is here that the industry makes its best case.

Steelmakers argue that the base price of steel is too low to start with. On the U.S. Department of Labor

wholesale price index, steel prices between 1939 and April 1956 rose 131%, about the average for all commodities. However, many industries where demand was also high got much bigger price boosts, e.g., nonferrous metals went up 195%, lumber and wood products 305%. Furthermore, as Republic Steel President C. M. White points out, the industry's net income in relation to its worth has usually lagged well behind other industries. As one result, says White, steel stocks have a market value of only eight to ten times earnings, while chemical stocks sell at 20 to 30 times earnings. Because of this, steelmakers argue, it is far harder for them to raise cash for expansion. It becomes especially hard considering the enormous investment required for each ton of steel produced. At Jones & Laughlin, says Chairman Moreell, it amounts to \$1.35 for every dollar of sales, v. 33¢-40¢ per dollar for the auto industry.

Replacement costs alone are high. This year, for example, it will cost U.S. Steel \$64 million to replace a worn-out open-hearth furnace built in 1930 at a cost of \$10 million. It took sales of \$600 million, one-seventh of U.S. Steel's total, says Chairman Blough to earn enough profit after taxes to pay for the furnace. To pay for expansion in the next five years, U.S. Steel will reinvest earnings of \$220 million annually, the profit on about 56% of its sales, will use another \$140 million from cash set aside for depreciation. But the other \$140 million must be financed by adding to U.S. Steel's current \$286 million debt.

Smaller companies paint an even gloomier picture. Of Jones & Laughlin's current three-year \$230 million expansion, only \$90 million is available from retained earnings and another \$90 million from depreciation, leaving \$50 million which must be borrowed. As it is, says Chairman Ben Moreell, the company held dividends to 62½¢ per share on record first-quarter earnings of \$2.09 per share, with the rest going into expansion. Expansion beyond the next few years will be even tougher for steelmakers. Entire new plants must be built from the ground up, at as much as \$350 per net-ton, v. \$100 to \$200 per ingot ton for expansion in existing plants.

There is little doubt that a steel price rise is coming. Steelmakers will have to guard against making it so big—i.e., putting it too far above wage increases and expansion costs—that its inflationary effects will harm the entire economy of the nation.

where there was above-average precipitation (over .05 in.) for five days, a 14-day vacationer would collect 10% of his expenses. If it rained as many as ten days, he would recover a total of 100%. A 28-day vacationer starts collecting (20%) on the ninth day, works up to 100% on the 16th day. Premium cost: 5% of the total amount insured.

Fireman's Fund issues vacation insurance only for areas where there is a nearby Weather Bureau, regularly receives official rainfall reports from each area. Thus the vacationer who is raised out does not have to file a claim; his refund is automatically sent out when the statistics show he earned it.

RETAIL TRADE

The Super Supermarket

"The function of the supermarket is to provide the housewife with all the necessities—for her table, her home, her family," Thus Lansing P. Shield, president of Grand Union Co., last week set forth the big goal of Grand Union. With 46 giant new stores to be opened this year, Shield will invade the provinces of the hardware and the drug stores, push forward into the catchall domain of the dime store, turn the modern supermarket into a junior self-service department store.

In the hierarchy of giant grocery chains, Grand Union, with 342 stores scattered over eight Eastern Seaboard states, ranks well down the list in tenth place. But in the art of lively merchandising it yields first place to no one. It was the first big supermarket chain to mechanize food shelves, first to try trading stamps in the hotly competitive Metropolitan New York market. When it adds clothing departments next month, Grand Union will give more space to non-food items than any other big chain. By moving beyond the traditional grocery lines into dry goods, readymade clothing and home furnishings, Lansing Shield has brought about a sharp change in supermarketing, and made Grand Union one of the fastest-growing chains in the nation.

Grand Union sales rose 25% to \$283 million last year, earnings 25% to \$3,584,125. Shield hopes to boost his gross another \$75 million this year. But he is far more than an enterprising grocer. He is a director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and headed the 20-man Puerto Rico Food Advisory Commission, which worked out a master plan to speed native-grown food from farm to table. His latest project: organize the U.S. grocery group that will set up a fully stocked supermarket to go on display at Rome's fairgrounds this summer, thus give an older world a new look at U.S. products and salesmanship.

Under New Management. Born in upstate New York, Shield graduated from Rutgers ('17), and after service as a test pilot during World War I, landed a job with A. & P. as an accounting clerk and rose to general auditor in four years. In 1924 J. Spencer Weed, a onetime A. & P. vice president, hired him away to be con-



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TIME, MAY 21, 1956



Eve Arnold—Magnum for Fortune
GRAND UNION'S SHIELD
The revolution is beginning.

troller of the venerable, 500-store Jones Brothers Tea Co. Four years later, after Weed and Shield had put Jones Brothers in the black, they regrouped it with several smaller chains into Grand Union Co. But over the years, Weed and Shield began to disagree strongly on whether Grand Union should convert its small, over-the-counter stores into self-service supermarkets. After powerful stockholders backed Shield in 1946, Weed retired and Shield took over.

Shield came in with a hatful of ideas, soon turned them into cash-register receipts. He systematically pruned away drab and inefficient old stores, studied population trends and home-building statistics to spot his new supermarkets. As the U.S. family moved to suburbia, Shield also packed up, moved his staff and executive offices out of downtown Manhattan to the heart of a shopping center in mushrooming East Paterson, N.J., where he built a glass-and-cut-stone emporium that chain-store experts refer to as "a mecca for supermarket operators." It is not only a thumping success in dollar sales, but it has become a handy proving ground for every new product and promotion idea.

Round the Clock. A part-time inventor, Shield used the East Paterson store to try out his patented Food-O-Mat, a block of tiered ramps that feed cans and jars to customers by gravity and save up to 40% of floor space. To solve the traffic problem inside his stores, Shield broke the conventional supermarket pattern of long, parallel shelves and narrow aisles. For his new layout he had architects design short, boxy shelves, spot them in irregular arcs to create broad aisles and thereby eliminate bottlenecks for grocery carts.

But to Shield, the big change in super-marketing is not in functional display, but in new lines. To a conventional gro-

cery in Keansburg, N.J., Shield is now building a 20,000-sq.-ft. addition that will sell only non-food items. With one shopping cart the housewife can move from hardware to florist, from drugs to dry goods. In addition to women's and children's inexpensive clothing, the Keansburg store will offer cameras, costume jewelry, fishing rods, toasters, even outdoor lawn furniture. Five years from now, says Shield, every new supermarket will be a small department store; round-the-clock vending machines will sell such necessities as bread, butter and eggs; merchandise will move out of automated warehouses in 40-case lots. Says he: "You can't have a highly modern production plant with a horse-and-buggy distribution system. The supermarket will revolutionize our buying habits—and the revolution is just beginning."

AVIATION

Ford Takes Off

The challenge of guided missiles last week lured Ford Motor Co. The company set up Aeronautics Systems Inc., a new subsidiary incorporated in Delaware, built around a nucleus of 30 top scientists and engineers formerly organized as Systems Research Corp. of Los Angeles.

The new outfit will concentrate at first on guided missiles but will undertake almost anything dealing with technological research and development, including "serious exploration of outer space." Ford is putting an initial \$10 million into the venture, plans to build a \$13,500,000 research and development facility, probably in the Los Angeles area, to be completed in 1958 and employ 1,000 to 2,000. Absorption of Systems Research, composed mainly of scientists who quit the Lockheed missiles program in a policy squabble, gives Ford a ready-made, topflight scientific team plus a batch of government contracts.

The Berlin Hairlift

At 23, Frank Nicholas Piasecki was a fast-rising genius. The Philadelphia-born son of a Polish immigrant tailor and graduate of New York University's Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, he developed and in 1943 test-flew the second successful helicopter made in the U.S. (Igor Sikorsky flew the first in 1939.) The same year, Piasecki incorporated his own company to build helicopters and landed a Navy contract.

In 1946, when his war baby needed funds to keep going, Laurance Rockefeller and Felix du Pont Jr. quickly came forward, exchanging some \$500,000 for 51% of the stock. Flatteringly, they decided to change the company's name from P-V Engineering Forum to Piasecki Helicopter, kept Piasecki on as president.

But soon the Rockefeller group decided that Piasecki's genius lay in design, not administration, and Piasecki was moved upstairs to board chairman, while Production Expert Hart Miller was made president. At the beginning of 1953 the Rocke-

feller group made another change: it brought in veteran aircraft engineer-executive Don R. Berlin, 57, as president. He gave him a mandate to cut costs and payrolls. Berlin lifted so many scalp that his first months were called "the Berlin Hairlift."

On the Rise. With Berlin piloting, the company gained altitude fast. Earnings climbed 47% in 1953 to \$1,410,345, and though sales dropped 44% the following year, profits fell only 4%, held at a satisfactory \$1,360,241. Frank Piasecki's 20-passenger H-21 Workhorse swept helicopter honors for speed and altitude at the 1953 Dayton Air Show, and Piasecki ranked as the No. 1 manufacturer of big transport helicopters. But inside the executive suite raged a struggle for control: Piasecki men vs. Rockefeller men. In March 1954 Frank Piasecki lost even the board chairmanship to President Berlin. Four months later, almost completely shorn of power and with nothing left but a directorship, he walked out to form his own outfit, the Piasecki Aircraft Corp. The Berlin-operated helicopter company quickly slammed the door. In two successive special stockholders' meetings it changed the name of Piasecki Helicopter to Vertol (vertical take-off and landing) Aircraft Corp. and amended the bylaws to bar Piasecki's re-election as a director, on the ground that he was running a rival company.

Fall. Piasecki and associates still owned 23.7% of the 471,391 shares of outstanding common stock, and in an attempt at a comeback, began soliciting proxies for last week's annual meeting. Once again, they were rebuffed. The company, Berlin reported, was doing better than ever: 1955 peak profits of \$1,550,037, a husky backlog of nearly \$150 million, first-quarter sales well ahead of '55. Piasecki tried to raise points of order and ask questions, but got nowhere. He attempted to in-



CHARLES HIGGINS
PIASECKI'S PIASECKI
He ran out of altitude.



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crease his bloc's directorships from three to five on the 17-man board, but was voted down almost three to one. Said an associate glumly: "Either we go back into control or we sell out."

ADVERTISING

Spiel for Piel

One of the most effective hucksters on eastern TV is a bushy-haired, even-mumbled, his apologies for mending on TV viewers' time. His name: Harry Piel. Since January, when Harry and Brother Bert made their debut in a series of cartoon commercials plugging Brooklyn's Piel Brothers' beer, they have won such fame that even the most blurb-worn viewers are changing their ways: instead of ducking out when the commercial goes on, Easterners are now turning on their sets to catch the Piel cartoons. Last week, in response to heavy fan mail, Piel announced that it would take space in its Manhattan newspaper ads to list stations and times when the 20-second and 60-second beer commercials can be seen.

The charm of the cartoons, which are animated by the UPA ("Mr. Mazoon") studios, lies in the bungling earnestness with which the bottle-halving brothers lampoon the standard TV sales talk, with slogans such as "Throat-wise, it's delicious." Plot-wise, the fictional Piel boys, whose lines are spoken by radio's Bob Elliott and Ray (Goulding), are a study in opposites. Piel-sized Bert is a gabby, obnoxious supersalesman who shouts his commercials, scolds the audience and continually squelches Stringbean Harry. After a few seconds of bumptious Bert, viewers feel so sorry for well-meaning Harry that they listen carefully to every word he has to say. A New Jersey woman even wrote in to upbraid the brewery for the "loud, offensive" way in which Bert bullies his brother.

Bert and Harry are the brain children of Young & Rubicam Copywriter Ed Graham Jr., 27, who has written elaborate biographies for each of the brothers and talks of them as intimately as if they had all attended P.S. 3 in Flatbush together. Graham explains that Blatherskite Bert is patterned after a retired Young & Rubicam account executive, is "a compulsive pain who can't help stepping on people." Hesitant Harry is modeled on Artist Jack Sidebottom, who dresses the brothers, but also bears a marked resemblance to Ed Graham. Envious of Piel's success, two other breweries are planning similar cartoon commercials.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Thomas J. Watson Jr., 42, was elected chief executive officer of International Business Machines Corp., taking over from his 82-year-old father, IBM Founder Thomas J. Watson Sr., who remains as board chairman. Young Tom Watson, "Mr. Think Jr." (TIME, March 28, 1955), will continue as IBM president. A super-



ADMAN, GRAHAM & FRIENDS
Turn on the commercial.

salesman who is fond of saying that he takes "real pride in being a great man's son." Tom Jr. has been with IBM since he graduated from Brown University in 1917. As chief executive officer, Tom Jr. will officially become top boss, although unofficially he has been running IBM since taking over as president in 1952.

Horace Mansfield Horner, 52, became board chairman of United Aircraft Corp., succeeding the late Frederick B. Rentschler, who founded the company (TIME, May 7). In as president went William P. Gwinn, 48, who has been general manager of United's Pratt & Whitney Aircraft division since 1943. "Jack" Horner, who will continue as chief executive officer, joined United in 1926 with an engineering degree from Yale, became Pratt & Whitney general manager in 1940. Horner directed the huge World War II expansion that made the company the biggest U.S. maker of piston engines for aircraft. Before becoming president of the parent company in 1943, Horner was vice president in charge of manufacturing for all United divisions.



IBM'S WATSON & FATHER
From block to chip.

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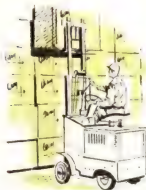
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FOR THE BUSINESS-MINDED:
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Prodigious Fiddler

Offstage, Jaime Laredo acted much like any other 14-year-old, friendly, natural, a little shy with strangers. But when he appeared as violin soloist in Cleveland's Severance Hall, his chubby face was transformed with the artist's intensity, and he played with enough virtuoso technique to excite his listeners. More important musically was the emotional force with which he performed everything from Mozart to Bloch. Said Cleveland's noted Violinist Giorgio Ciampi: "His outstanding quality is that he puts his mind, his emotions, his bow together and gives himself completely." Said Conductor George Szell, "I consider him one of the great hopes among young violinists."

It seems clear that Violinist Laredo is a true prodigy, and maybe more. Before he was five, he unexpectedly showed that he could follow musical notation ("It was easy," the notes went up and down, and so did the music"); when he was 6½, he tuned a violin without help, and then correctly pointed out that the family piano was flat. A few months later, his parents sold their home and possessions in Bolivia to give him U.S. training (in San Francisco). After one of his rare appearances four years ago, the *San Francisco Chronicle* wrote: "In the 1920s it was Isaac Stern, and [now it is] Jaime Laredo. After that, scholarships, first with Concertmaster Josef Gingold of the Cleveland Orchestra, and then with Master Teacher Ivan Galamian at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute, with whom he still studies."

Jaime's parents, who skip to keep him in rosin and catgut (Papa Laredo works at a desk job in a hospital) are reluctant to turn him loose as yet in the full-scale

concert field. (He has played only a handful of concerts.) Too many they realize are the prodigies who "burn themselves out" in their adolescence and are never heard of again. As it is, the boy's life is far from normal. Now living in Philadelphia, he practices four hours a day, goes to Curtis three afternoons a week and plays chamber music two more. Three nights a week he attends accelerated high-school classes will graduate next year. "I don't miss doing things other boys do," he says. "Music is enough fun for me."

Jaime plans to make his first concert tour in September—Peru, Bolivia and possibly Colombia—and then return for more studies heading for eventual participation in the 1968 Brussels International contest. But he is cautious about predicting a future for himself. "Maybe it will be the concert stage, if I can make it, I can only hope and try."

Upsetting the Equilibrium

Jacques Monod is a young (29) French conductor who believes that U.S. musical society is awash in stagnation, apathy and confusion. He sees major orchestras playing programs they could have played (and sometimes did) a century before, their conductors lulled and cynical, their conductors hamstrung by bosses who are afraid to venture new things and new directions. As a result, Monod complains, contemporary music is almost a secret played by enthusiasts for themselves, and in programs selected by squabbling committees who try to satisfy factions rather than present balanced music. Lots of people in the music world have complained about this situation, but Monod has done something about it.

Last week after six years of studying, playing and conducting in the U.S., he staged the second of a series called "Camera Concerts"—one of the biggest and best programs of contemporary orchestral music Manhattan has ever heard.

Refreshed, Puzzled. The concert's four works, written in strange and sometimes perplexing styles, might have left the crowd of 675 stupefied, but instead, left it refreshed. The most ear-cracking work, Webern's scintillant, fractured *Variations for Orchestra*, was so full of bewitching sonorities that listeners were just becoming adjusted to it when it ended. A nice antidote to this was Copland's durable and buoyant *Music for the Theater*. After the enigmatic Hungarian Soprano Magda László, in her U.S. debut, sang solos in Dallapiccola's song trilogy *La Matilde*; its rich-hued, profoundly melancholy finale had to be repeated after a storm of applause. And Schoenberg's free-wheeling arrangement of a Handel concerto grosso, *Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra* (featuring the Juilliard Quartet), was just puzzling enough to make a satisfying finale.

Conductor Monod achieved his successful musical evening by a combination of stubborn determination and truculence.



CONDUCTOR MONOD
Is a scoundrel.

First he spent two solid months burrowing through the brain-cracking mysteries of some of the most complex music ever written, finally organizing the program to his satisfaction. Then he spent five hours a day for a week whipping coxing and teasing 26 musicians into condition to play it. The result should establish Monod as a conductor of stature.

Worse in Paris. Jacques Monod is a conductor almost against his will. Born near Paris, he was propelled to the piano by his pianist mother; he gave his first concert at nine, and he has hated the piano ever since ("I don't even own one now"). Monod is a dour man, impatient with what he calls "musical politics" and with the mechanics of earning a living. His one steady job, at \$150 a month is as organist in a Roman Catholic church. But in the music situation in New York, Monod thinks it is even worse back home in Paris. And he also has found, without benefit to his cause, that it is possible to "sell anything to Americans," so he has remained here and, over six years, has sold some piano and song recitals on his own, mostly at colleges and universities.

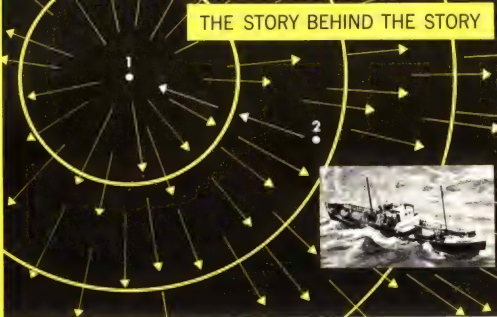
The chance to run the Camera Concerts was Monod's big break. The name of the leader is one of the best-kept musical secrets in New York. "We don't want the pressures that have ruined other musical organizations in this city," Monod explains. Monod alone has authority—and the responsibility—for his programs. "I want," he says, "to break up the routine repertory to upset the equilibrium in concert making. Not just to play premieres, but to play things like an unpublished early work of Ravel, and Beethoven's choral *Op. 136* (written in 1814—that nobody ever hears. Schoenberg's last choral work has not been performed in New York, and neither has Sessions' *The Lincoln Concerto*). It's a scandal."



VIOLINIST LAREDO
It's fun.



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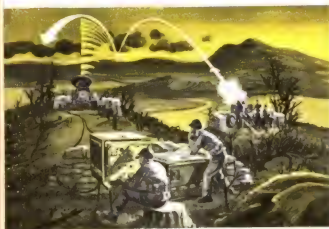
FLYING IS SAFER, and navigation is simplified for Air Force planes equipped with Sperry APN-59 Radar. For example, thunderheads and other weather disturbances are revealed in advance, so course may be altered to avoid storms.

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Jazz Records

Modern jazz is reaching the point of dilemma. In its approach toward concert music, it tends to wander from the regular beat of four-to-the-bar, but that beat is the pulse of jazz, and when it fades it is best to have a doctor in the house. Teddy Charles, a widely experienced jazzman from Chicopee Falls, Mass., researches the problem with his vibraphone and nine congenial colleagues, develops a nice cure on an adventurous new LP, *The Teddy Charles Tentet* (Atlantic). In single works, e.g., *Vibrations*, he daringly switches from one kind of rhythm to another, from squirming to slogging to swaying to trotting, but somehow the jazz feeling remains. Vibraphonist



Corbie Galtely
VIBRAPHONIST TEDDY CHARLES
Squirm, slog, sway, trot.

Charles, not content with rhythmic exploration, exploits harmonic possibilities developed by Duke Ellington, uses dissonance to achieve color and mood rather than sheer shock. The album ranges from familiar (*Nature Boy*) to far-out (*Lydian M-1*).

Other recent jazz LPs:

The Amazing Jean "Toots" Thielemans (Columbia). Jazz on the harmonica. Belgian Thielemans, who learned his trade despite the Nazi jazz ban, now has the lively support of several mellow combos. He swings high, free and with surprising feeling, not to mention expert marksmanship. He cannot, however, resist an occasional gypsy switch.

Benny Goodman: The Golden Age of Swing (Victor). A 4 lb. 6 oz. "limited edition" album that contains 60 re-releases of the master's records between 1935 and 1939. Musty, perhaps, but a must for swing fans.

Blue Rose (Columbia). An inspired teaming of Songstress Rosemary Clooney and Bandman Duke Ellington. The Duke's crew is in a lush mood, and Rosie sings

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In 1950, because of the strategic importance of copper, the U. S. Government asked Copper Range to prepare a plan for the development of these reserves. Mr. LaCroix showed

Government mining engineers in Washington the results of the pilot plant operations and the geological reports. The Government agreed to lend the newly formed White Pine Copper Company \$66 million and Copper Range agreed to advance \$13 million of common stock money.

To raise additional equity capital, Copper Range worked out a plan with the help of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. Paine, Webber headed the group which underwrote 280,000 new shares of Copper Range stock. Net proceeds of almost \$9½ million were more than enough to enable Copper Range to supply the equity base for the financing of the giant new copper development.

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her swingiest—despite the fact that she sang the lyrics on the West Coast and he played in Manhattan. Taped at her best, in such famed Ellington originals as *Mood Indigo* and *I Got It Bad*, she actually sounds like that late princess of vocalists Ivie Anderson.

Brother Matthew (ABC-Paramount). Some mighty earthy jazz by Dixielanders Eddie Condon & Co., featuring the fanciful but funky alto saxophone of Brother Matthew of the Servite Order (TIME March 4). Until 1953 the star was noted as Boyce Brown of Chicago, a onetime intimate of legendary Jazzman Frank Teschemacher, himself so rarely recorded as to be a near legend.

Don Elliott Sextette (ABC-Paramount). A lightly swinging combo headed by versatile Virtuoso Elliott, heard here only on vibes and the melophone. It is worth the price of admission (\$3.98) to hear *Jazz Me Blues* followed on the melophone which is a country cousin of the French horn and sounds something like a trombone with a code in its drone.

Gerry Mulligan Quartet—Paris Concert (Pacific Jazz). One of the most original spirits of the modern school and the man whose well-formed improvisations helped launch so-called West Coast jazz (TIME, Feb. 1, 1954). Baritone Saxophonist Mulligan capotes his brutish instrument into some sweet and swinging solos and some tenderly twined duets with Bob Brookmeyer's valve trombone. As always, Mulligan breaks no piano.

Le Jazz Primitif (Rupert Clemendore and John Buddy Williams bands; Cook). Trinidad jazz in two styles. Just as it says on the label, Bassist Williams plays it primitive, with a trio of winds and a powerhouse rhythm section which divides itself between a two-beat Calypso and a hot-blooded shuffle entirely on the cymbals. Of special interest: the polyrhythmic *Venezuelan Waltz*. Drummer-Vibraphonist Clemendore plays jazz à la George Shearing and includes one hit tune, *Princess Charming*.

A Night of the Apollo (Vanguard). Harlem's famed vaudeville theater in a raucous session with Count Basie's band, a couple of tap dancers, some comedy and a glimpse of the famed amateur show that gave Ella Fitzgerald her start. The recorded show uncovers its own discovery, a bouezy blues singer named Doreen Vaughan. The audience goes wild.

Paul Nero and his Hi Fiddles (Sunset). More fuel for an old dispute: Is it possible to play jazz on a violin? The present answer: Sometimes. Nero, composer, arranger and onetime concert violinist, gets at least halfway out of the corn-belt at least in the string ensembles, but drops a few kernels while he burns.

Red Norvo with Strings (Fantasy). The first man to make the xylophone talk jazz (in the early '30s). Oldtimer Norvo has lost neither his light touch nor the warm sentiments of his younger days. Playing the vibes, he joins with guitar and bass for some stimulating reflections on such tunes as *Cabin in the Sky*, *That Old Black Magic*, etc.



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THE WORLD OVER



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The New Pictures

The Harder They Fall (Columbia). When Budd Schulberg wrote the novel from which this picture is drawn, he hoped it might prove to be a sort of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the fight racket, a body blow to one of the least savory survivals of slavery in U.S. society: the tradition of the chattel athlete. Author Schulberg hit hard, but he was striking at bulletproof-vested interests, and in the nine years since he made his attack, these interests (on evidence adduced in recent investigations) seem to have grown even stronger. This picture will not seriously weaken them, but it will hang a terrific mouse on the public eye.

Schulberg's story is, with scarcely any disguise, the Primo Camera story. Like the onetime (1933-34) heavyweight champion, Toro Moreno ("El Toro, the wild man of the Andes") is a big country bumpkin who stands 6 ft. 7½ in., weighs 285 lbs., and serves his opponents a punch that would scarcely be too stiff for a six-year-old's birthday party. Like Camera, El Toro (touchingly portrayed by Wrestler Mike Lane) falls among thieves. A well-known gambler and fixologist named Nick Benko (played good and heavy by Rod Steiger) buys up his contract and starts to fatten the Bull for the kill.

And that's where the hero (Humphrey Bogart) comes in. Sportswriter Bogart is all too ready to reach for the folding money, even if he has to get his hands a little dirty. Nick offers him 10% of Toro's take to handle the big bum.

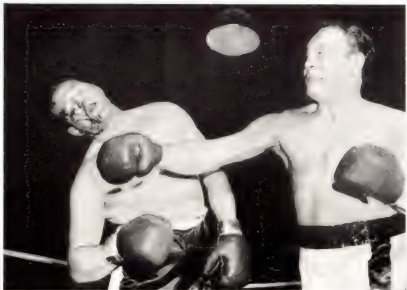
The ballyhoo begins: the buildup in the back country, the tank artists and local strongmen, the charm where it works and the arm when they ask for it, the planted puffs in the big metropolitan dai-

lies, the careful suckering of suspicious reporters, the old rah-rah for the worthy causes. And then all at once the first big fight, and a piece of good luck that money couldn't buy: the ex-champ, punch-drunk from his last big beating, dies in the hospital after the big boy takes him—just as Ernie Schaefer died after his 1933 fight with Camera. Toro, a thousand headlines shout, is a killer! The story guarantees a great gate for the title fight.

Comes another hitch. The champ (Max Baer) gets sore at some of Bogart's publicity, refuses to play along with Benko's boys. "Carry him for six rounds," Benko begs. "You don't want to louse up the film rights." Baer refuses, and what happens next is a ghastly digest of the 1934 fight, in which Baer gave Camera the most brutal beating he ever took (relevant knockdowns in eleven rounds), and won the heavyweight championship. The eleven rounds are condensed into several of the most savage minutes seen on screen in recent years, and when they are over, the ring looks like a butcher's block.

The climax, however, comes next day. Bogart goes over to Benko's place to pick up his boy's purse. After the bossman's deductions are made, it comes to exactly \$49.07. "Fighters," somebody remarks with a self-satisfied leer, "are dirt."

The Man Who Knew Too Much (Paramount), a remake by Alfred Hitchcock of his 1935 thriller, is almost buried beneath the weight of Technicolor, Vista-Vision and an endless *Storm Cloud Cantata* performed by the London Symphony Orchestra and the Covent Garden Chorus. Indulging his taste for contrast, Hitchcock takes an American family—so glossily normal that it might have popped out of a refrigerator advertisement—and sets



MIKE LANE AS EL TORO & MAX BAER AS THE CHAMP
The public gets a mouse.

TIME, MAY 21, 1956

"Spirit of St. Louis" flies again ...with Thompson valves



Lindbergh stands in front of the "Spirit of St. Louis", just before his take-off for Paris. His Ryan monoplane is now enshrined in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D.C. James Stewart, (inset), plays the starring role in Warner Bros. new film based on Gen. Lindbergh's Pulitzer Prize-winning book "The Spirit of St. Louis".

And chances are Thompson valves help make your car last longer

29 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH Charles A. Lindbergh thrilled the world with his trail-blazing solo flight from New York to Paris. This event has been brought to life in Warner Bros. soon-to-be released film, "The Spirit of St. Louis".

At the heart of "Lindy's" Wright Whirlwind engine were 18 vital valves made by Thompson Products. If any one of them had failed, then the history-making flight to Paris could have failed too. And now Thompson valves have *again* been chosen . . . this time for use in the exact replica of the famous "Spirit" that James Stewart flies in the film.

You too may be receiving the same kind of dependable performance from Thompson valves. Since 1905 Thompson has produced nearly a billion valves for all types of engines . . . aircraft, truck, tractor, bus and car.

Thompson's research and development engineers have continually made great contributions to better engine performance through improvements in valve design, materials and manufacture. These improvements are incorporated in the Thompson valves used as *original equipment* in most of today's internal combustion engines. And, along with many other Thompson automotive parts, they are available at leading automotive service shops for replacement use.

Thompson also plays an important role in other industries . . . Electronics, Light Metals and Metallurgy, to cite a few. You can *count on Thompson* to continue to help all industry make life more convenient and safer for you. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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This is a Thompson magazine advertisement that appeared soon after Charles Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget airfield on the outskirts of Paris after his historic 33½-hour flight over the Atlantic Ocean.



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it down in the eternal grime of Marrakech, Morocco. The family: Jimmy Stewart, a surgeon from Indianapolis; Doris Day, his songbird wife; Christopher Olsen, their typically cute son who thinks North Africa looks just like Las Vegas.

Stewart, as a puppy-friendly tourist, is soon pals with a jolly Frenchman (Daniel Gelin) and a pair of tweedy Britons (Bernard Mills and Brenda de Banzie). Doris is more suspicious: she thinks the Frenchman asks too many questions and that the Britons are just a little shifty-eyed. And what about the mysterious stranger with the death's-head face? Did he really knock at their hotel-room door by mistake? Even Jimmy realizes that something is up when Gelin, disguised as an Arab, comes staggering into the marketplace with a knife stuck



DAY, STEWART & GELIN
Enter a mysterious stranger.

in his back, and gasps out a dying warning that a political assassination will soon be attempted in London.

Stewart cannot tell the police this news because the conspirators have kidnapped his son to ensure his silence. The film slips smoothly into a Hitchcock chase sequence as Jimmy and Doris charge off to London to track down the kidnapers: there is a melee in a taxidermist's shop, an encounter with the villains in a Non-conformist chapel, a hand-to-hand struggle with the gun-wielding assassin in a velvet-curtained box at Albert Hall, a final showdown in the gilt-and-mirror splendor of a foreign embassy. Hitchcock alternates his chills with comedy, as when Jimmy is bitten by a stuffed tiger, and gets deft performances from both Stewart and Doris Day. But the pace grows laggard toward the end. Instead of using music as a background for action, Hitchcock moves it up front, and moviegoers must sit still not only for the dismayingly long cantata but



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**BLUE
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also for special numbers sung by Doris Day. The chief drawback of these musical stage-waits is that they allow the audience to think back over the story and conclude that it doesn't make much sense.

Hilda Crane (20th Century-Fox) was originally a series of short stories about an ailing and raddled Manhattan career girl who tries to settle down to the straight and narrow in her old home town. In 1950 Author Samson Raphaelson adapted his theme to a Broadway play, starring Jessica Tandy as the lady who finds an overdose of sleeping pills easier to take than small-town living.

Hollywood rings a few changes on the plot. Hard-luck Hilda (Jean Simmons) is only 32 when, "sulleited with the wrong kind of love," she comes home to mother after running through two husbands and an unspecified number of lovers. But things are tough at home too. Mama (Judith Evelyn) gets a faraway look whenever Hilda begins blithering about life. And rascally Jean Pierre Aumont wants to bed her, not wed her. True enough, wealthy Guy Madison has honorable intentions, but Hilda thinks he is something of a cluck. She marries him, anyway, only to have Guy's meanly suspicious mother take her revenge by dying of a heart attack.

Hilda makes the stunned discovery that, because of Guy's queasy feelings about his departed mother, she has been trapped into what the tabloids call a "kissless" marriage. So, naturally, Hilda turns for solace to lecherous Jean Pierre. When Guy surprises them in their love nest, he is upset and punches Aumont on the jaw. Hilda goes reeling home for her handful of pills, but—naturally—Guy gets there in time to call for a stomach pump, and tells Hilda he is dreadfully sorry about the whole thing.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Swan. A pretty, witty fairy tale written by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. A spring cruise at the speed of light to Altair-4—a small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comitragedy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 19).

Love Letters to Rambler



Mrs. Frazer

Free lance writer and photographer Ella May Frazer, of Framingham Center, Mass., covers New England in her Rambler, searching for material. Church work keeps her on the go, too, but she tells us because of her Rambler she never feels tired after a busy day. She writes:

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Ode to Victor

OLYMPIO: THE LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO (540 pp.)—André Maurois—Harper (\$5.95).

In 1822, France was not quite ready for Romanticism. When a British company came over with *Othello*, the pit howled: "Down with Shakespeare! Just one of Wellington's toadies!" Only six years later, "the atmosphere had completely changed." An artistic revolution had changed France from the last outpost of Classicism to a spearhead of Romanticism. Shakespeare was all the rage, closely fol-

lowed by Byron. Sir Walter Scott, Schiller. France's poets, painters, sculptors and novelists all joined hands in this insurrection, but one and all acknowledged as their leader one of literary history's most spectacular figures—Victor-Marie Hugo.

Victor Hugo was born (1802) to lead, and France still groans under his leadership. Asked who is France's greatest poet, André Gide made a famed reply: "Victor Hugo, alas!" His answer sums up precisely the pain and resentment still felt by many Frenchmen when they bow the knee to the man who wrote an end to the old traditions. In this excellent biography, André Maurois explains why. Subtlety,

precision, restraint are French gods, but enthroned above them all sits the immortal Hugo, passionate antithesis of subtlety, precision and restraint.

A poet he was, but a public one. In politics he ran a banner-waving, pamphlet-strewn, populace-stirring course—monarchist, Bonapartist, finally a rebel and exile who came to be called "Grandfather of the Republic." "It is ill praise to give a man that his politics have never changed for 40 years," he explained. "That is no more than to praise water for being stagnant, a tree for being dead."

He was a sometime pacifist who wrote some of France's finest war poetry, a good family man who grew into an aged satyr, a penny pincher who showered generosity on many. He was a shaker of culture and

THE LAST OF MENCKEN

H. L. Mencken had a lifetime habit of jotting down iconoclastic notes to himself for use in future essays. Stuffed away and forgotten, they were found shortly before his death early this year

and assembled as his final book. Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks (203 pp.; Knopf; \$3.95) is a last lusty Bronx cheer at the human race from the muscular pessimist of Baltimore. Some samples:

EXPERIENCE is a poor guide to man, and is seldom followed. A man really learns little by it, for it is narrowly limited in range. What does a faithful husband know of women, or a faithful wife of men? The generalizations of such persons are always inaccurate. What really teaches man is not experience, but observation. It is observation that enables him to make use of the vastly greater experience of other men, of men taken in the mass. He learns by noting what happens to them. Confined to what happens to himself, he labors eternally under an insufficiency of data.

One of the things that makes a Negro unpleasant to white folk is the fact that he suffers from their injustice. He is thus a standing rebuke to them, and they try to put him out of their minds. The easiest way to do so is to insist that he keep his place. The Jew suffers from the same cause, but to a much less extent.

Metaphysics is almost always an attempt to prove the incredible by an appeal to the unintelligible.

There are people who read too much: the bibliobibli. I know some who are constantly drunk on books, as other men are drunk on whiskey or religion. They wander through this most diverting and stimulating of worlds in a haze, seeing nothing and hearing nothing.

What is the function that a clergyman performs in the world? Answer: he gets his living by assuring idiots that he can save them from an imaginary hell. It is a business almost indistinguishable from that of a seller of snake-oil for rheumatism. As for a lawyer, he is simply, under our cash-register civilization, one who teaches scoundrels how to commit their swindles without too much risk. As for a physician, he is one who spends his whole life trying to prolong the lives of persons whose deaths, in nine cases out of ten, would be a public benefit. The case of the pedagogue is even worse. Consider him in his highest incarnation: the university professor. What is his function? Simply to pass on to fresh generations of numskulls a body of so-called knowledge that is fragmentary, unimportant, and, in large part, untrue. His whole professional activity



MENCKEN

is circumscribed by the prejudices, vanities and avarices of his university trustees, i.e., a committee of soap-boilers, nail-manufacturers, bank-directors and politicians.

War will never cease until babies begin to come into the world with larger cerebrums and smaller adrenal glands.

Democracy . . . may be tolerable simply because the politicians who operate it are cynics. They never quite believe in the great causes that they merchant to the plain people, nor do they ever quite believe in the infamy of the opposition. The plain people are always outraged when they discover evidences of this tolerance, just as an ignorant litigant is outraged when he sees his lawyer eating lunch with the lawyer of his opponent. But it is precisely such cynicism toward undying doctrines and holy causes that makes civilized life possible in the world.

The United States has not only failed to produce a genuine aristocracy; it has also failed to produce an indigenous intelligentsia. The so-called intellectuals of the country are simply weather-vanes blown constantly by foreign winds, usually but not always English.

The theory seems to be that so long as a man is a failure he is one of God's chillun, but that as soon as he succeeds he is taken over by the Devil.

The notion that anything useful is accomplished by providing a large amount of leisure for the inferior man is probably full of folly. He invariably spends it foolishly. The five-day week is humane, and all rational men have supported it, but it would be silly to say that it has produced any public value; save the lowly value of making idiots happy . . . They are just as stupid as they were before they had it; indeed, there is some reason to believe that they are more stupid.

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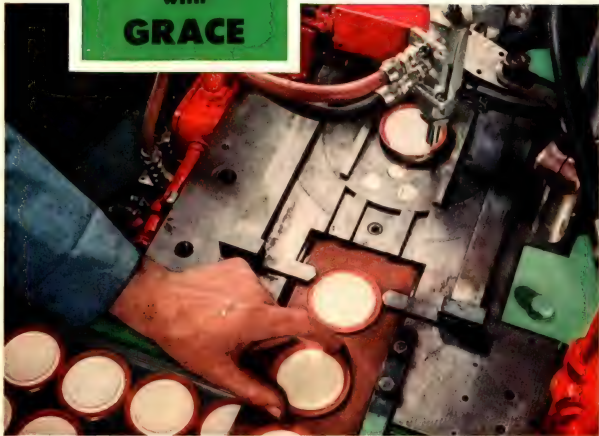
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an object of curiosity and adulation rarely equaled. On his 79th birthday 600,000 Parisians paraded past his home. When he died, just 71 years ago this month, he was laid in state beneath the Arc de Triomphe, then escorted by 2,000,000 of his countrymen to his tomb in the Pantheon.

A Lawyer Tomorrow. Hugo was the third son of a Napoleonic general—and so vivid was his imagination that he had spells of marching about like a soldier and in some of his youthful plays he wrote for himself parts as Napoleon. He was (his father assured him) "conceived . . . on one of the highest peaks of the Vosges, in the course of a journey from Lunéville to Besançon"—and this, to Victor, was topographical confirmation of his title to eminence in life. His very name was a triumphant blend of conquest and personal identity, and his war cry was *Ego Hugo!* "If I had any doubt of my ability to take the foremost place, and to rank above all my rivals," he said, "I would give up writing and become a lawyer tomorrow."

At 15 he entered a 334-line poem in an open contest of the French Academy, took ninth place. At 16 he won the Academy of Toulouse's first prize, the Golden Lily. At 20 he published his first book of poems, *Odes et Poésies Diverses*, received a royal pension, and married his childhood sweetheart, Adèle Foucher. By then he was one of the most mixed characters that ever walked the earth—a tempestuous rebel, a lover of kings, a bourgeois who could account for every sou he spent, a fanatical moralist, an insatiable sensualist. He came virgin to his marriage and apparently never strayed from his wife until, nine years later, his excessive demands so exhausted her that she shut her bedroom door against him. The virility of his poems and dramas was found equally exhausting by most of his public, and his friends urged him to be more restrained. Hugo was horrified. "Restraint—a curious word to use in praise of a writer!" he said.

The danger of extreme Romanticism is, as Cervantes showed, that it is apt to seem highly comical—and this is why comedy clings closely to everything that Victor Hugo did. Cold-shouldered by his wife, he chose as his mistress the courtesan Juliette Drouet. In return for his ecstasy, Hugo made Juliette respectable. He confined her to her room (for ten years she was never allowed to leave it except on his arm), and made her sell all her pretty clothes and underwear. "A bowl of food, a kennel and a chain—that is my lot," said Juliette. But she worshipped the grim master who had imposed such a penance upon her.

Fresh Without Parsley. Hugo, having made himself the first poet of France, craved further honors. First, he aspired to (and got) the green uniform of a French Academician ("I can keep you fresh without any sprigs of parsley," complained Juliette). Next, he affronted his disciples by persuading King Louis Philippe to make him a vicomte. Three months later the new peer was caught in



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bed with the wife of a fresco painter, and that ditched his hope of becoming a minister. "Adultery at that time was severely dealt with," and Peer Hugo would have been prosecuted if the King (as the wits said) had not hastily commissioned to the angry husband a series of frescoes, which caused him to forgive his wife. Hugo was downcast, but agreed with the friend who said: "One can rise again, even from a divan."

"The man who has made his mark is caught up in an eternal process," says biographer Maurois. "The social machine, so cunningly contrived, passes him from cylinder to cylinder, from roller to roller, from ball to ball, from dinner to dinner, and with each day that passes, flattens him out a little more." The genius of the Romantic movement had "lost his way" and might never have found it again if the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon (which



VICTOR HUGO
All was poetry.

Hugo fought in the Assembly, then in the streets) had not caused him to flee into exile.

Stripped of his social functions, his sprigs of parsley, his actresses and courtesans, Hugo flourished in his romantic role of "Great Exile." "I am living the life of a monk," he wrote exultantly from Belgium. "I have a bed which is about a hand's-breadth wide. . . ." From his narrow couch, Hugo fled on to the Channel Islands, after leaving most of his sizable fortune in investments in a Belgian bank and accepting from the Belgian Prime Minister "an offer of shirts" to soften the road of poverty.

Byron Spoke English. Victor Hugo in the Channel Islands is one of the rarest interludes of literary history. By day the master poured out broadsheets of superb invective, streams of immortal poetry, completed his titanic *Les Misérables*, as well as other novels. By night he seduced the flower of Guernsey's chambermaids

and, in table-tapping séances, had long discussions with "Molière, Shakespeare, Anacreon, Dante, Racine, Marat, Charlotte Corday, Latude, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, Plato, Isaiah . . . the Dove of the Ark, Balaam's Ass." All these apparitions agreed that Hugo was acting for the best; many spoke in excellent Hugo-istic verse. Lord Byron, however, insisted on speaking English.

Hugo spent 18 years in Channel Island exile, with his wife, children, and Juliette Drouet (when their combined ages came to 125, Mme. Hugo and Mistress Drouet actually exchanged a few words, eventually became quite good friends). When Napoleon the Little fell, the "prophet of the Republic," white-haired and bursting with emotion, returned to Paris with the more-than-vague hope that the Republic would reciprocate by making him its head. That was not to be. Through the siege of Paris by the Prussians and the bloody uprising of the Commune ("Both sides are mad"), Hugo wrote and loved on. One of his late conquests: Actress Sarah Bernhardt, then 28 to Hugo's 70. As age advanced, he grudged the speechmaking demanded of him by his grateful country. "To make a speech is more exhausting for me than making love three times," he said—adding, after a moment's reflection, "—or even four." He died at 83, after writing a charming book called *The Art of Being a Grandfather*, and dedicated the last few months of his life to "eight sexual performances."

Victor Hugo has survived primarily because everything he did, no matter how ludicrous, was translated by him into inimitable poetry. But he has survived, too, as Paul Valéry said, as "the very embodiment of power"—a power that no French poet since his day has been able to shake off. "Never," concludes Maurois, "has a nation been so closely knit with one single body of writing . . . Paris, whole and entire, sounds one great consistent Ode to Victor Hugo's honor."

All for Art

A THING OF BEAUTY (440 pp.)—A. J. Cronin—Little, Brown (\$4).

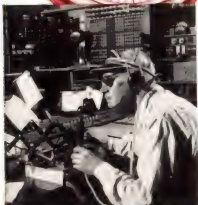
With this novel, Dr. A. J. Cronin proves himself the greatest living practitioner of the Victorian novel. The hero is that Mauve Decade martyr, the unconventional artist struggling hopelessly for recognition from a conventional world. His "bohémian" artists and his fusty gentry are furnished forth with stock-company props and costumes dragged from literature's dustiest attic, and Physician Cronin uses every cliché of this oft-told tale with the almost touching innocence of new discovery, right down to the mustiest of them all—the notion that a man cannot possibly be a genuine genius unless he starves in a garret.

Stephen Desmonde, son of a well-off Anglican clergyman, has all the cherished stigmas of the True Artist—a "slight figure and sensitive face, dark eyes and delicate pallor," and at every crisis he coughs blood. His father is appalled when



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MEN'S CLOTHES

Stephen insists he Wants To Paint. "To throw away your brilliant prospects, wreck your whole career, for a mere whim," he wails. Stephen is adamant: "The only thing that mattered was this creative instinct that burned within him." He Renounces All, including the love of the neighboring squire's daughter, a girl with an "air of quiet composure, a sense of inescapable good breeding," who appreciates "the essential fineness of Stephen's character." He rushes off to Paris, whose air exhilarates him. How? "Like wine."

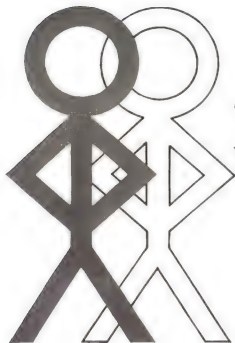
Broken, Thank God. There he mingles with Struggling Artists dressed in mole-skin trousers and given to statements like "I rejoice in the fact that in all my life I have never debased my art." He starves, paints, and falls for a firm-breasted circus girl. For several chapters Stephen hangs about her "like a wasp around a nectarine, but without once penetrating the soft flesh of the fruit." She jilts him, but "through his hurt and humiliation, he still wanted her, through his hatred he still had need of her."

Buzzing off from the nectarine, Stephen returns to England to suffer some more. His paintings for a war memorial shock the village elders because they depict Naked Men and Women. His most masterful masterpieces declared obscene by an ignorant magistrate. Stephen lurches off to London, coughing, and takes refuge in a London boarding house run by a little Cockney girl of his acquaintance. In Cronin's rendition, Jenny speaks Cockney as if she had learned it from a talking book. But Stephen finds "something in her, a simple quality of womanhood, of homely warmth," marries her and settles down to paint in slummy seclusion. "How happy he was with these simple people whom the members of his own class would doubtless have looked down upon as 'common.'" When his old girl beseeches him to return to his sorrowing father, Stephen declares ringingly: "I've broken too far away from the beliefs and—thank God—the prejudices of my class."

We're All Mad. Later, dealers beg him for pictures, but Stephen declaims: "Success, especially popular success, imprisons the spirit." He paints only "to satisfy himself," and soliloquizes: "We're all mad, or half mad . . . perpetually in conflict with society . . . All except the ones who compromise." He, of course, "has never done that."

In the end, dying of tuberculosis, which he of course refuses to treat, he is sought out by the most distinguished art dealer in Paris and told that he is famous. The dealer, in passing, bestows the final accolade: "I should have known you anywhere as an artist. Those hands . . . your head . . ."

This book, well made, clearly printed, and fitting the hand easily, is written to join the several other Cronin novels (*Butter's Castle*, *The Citadel*, *Keys of the Kingdom*) high up on the bestseller lists. In an accompanying blurb, Cronin declares that of all his novels "this book, more than any other, was written from the heart."



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MISCELLANY

On the House. In Milwaukee, Internal Revenue officials, agreeing to accept \$23,000 plus a percentage of her future income in settlement for \$81,606 in back taxes from Mae Yager, 67, a bawdyhouse proprietress, explained that the arrangement might prove more profitable than a forced sale of Madam Yager's assets.

Employer's Chance. In Albany, N.Y., an ad appeared in the *Times-Union*: "MISFIT wants lucrative, soft position; lazy, ignorant, irresponsible, no experience, no ability, no references."

Stop the Music! In Cleveland, Carnivall Singer Nancy Hall Bloom got a divorce on her testimony that her husband's repeated taunts gave her hives, told the judge: "He makes me so nervous my lips swell and I can't sing."

Hidden Asset. In Columbus, Ohio, arrested on a check-forging charge, Chemical Worker John Boston asked the cops, "Is this all you got against me?", grabbed the check when a cop nodded assent, swallowed the evidence.

Lay-Away Plan. In Culver City, Calif., arrested with a bagful of shoplifted clothes, Dolores June King and Vivian Eggert, expectant mothers, told police: "We are going to the hospital next month to have our babies and we wanted to look nice."

Fire Escape. In Milwaukee, charged with setting fire to the apartment building where he worked, aging (69) Janitor Clement Zeller explained: "The work was getting too much for me, and I didn't see how I could get out of it."

Pause That Refreshes. In Westport, Conn., arrested for standing on the seat of his motorcycle as it ripped through Sunday traffic on the Merritt Parkway, Walter Buckner told a state patrolman: "I felt like stretching, but I didn't want to waste time stopping."

See You Later, Alligator. In Bryn Mawr, Pa., after horrified school authorities closed her dormitory reptile zoo containing two turtles, a foot-long alligator and a scarlet king snake, Bryn Mawr College Sophomore Marianne McDonald sighed: "It seems hard to believe that everyone doesn't like reptiles—the little snake was a symphony in color."

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter. In Wesson, Miss., the *Enterprise* carried a classified ad: "I am going to sell everything I can and will sell cheap. I have many odds and ends that will be a help to many as everything is so expensive. I have jewelry galore, a beautiful yo-yo bedspread that won first prize at the fair. Hoping I can sell out to go where I can be with someone, thanking one and all in advance."

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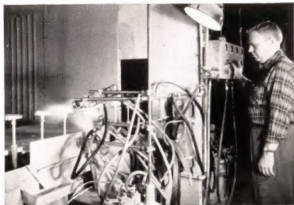
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